Encounter

"TURISMO"

Inquest on a Holiday Season

Nancy Mitford — *J. G. Weightman*

Laurie Lee — *George Mikes*

P. E. Schneider — *Luigi Barzini*

Friedrich Sieburg — *W. Z. Laqueur*

with drawings by TOPOLSKI

Notes, Topics, Reviews

ROY JENKINS: **Obscenity and After**

DAN JACOBSON: **Out of Africa**

JAMES JOLL: **Meinecke and Ideas**

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'Good Mornings' begin with 1,500 tons of very special steel

F. H. Happold, distinguished industrial journalist, finds a story behind his morning shave

A RAZOR BLADE weighs one-fortieth of an ounce. It is 4 to 5 thousandths of an inch thick.

Yet all the razor blades made in a year by the Gillette factory on the Great West Road, Middlesex, use up over 1,500 *tons* of very special steel strip – nearly 50,000 miles of it! Laid one on top of another, a year's output of blades would make a stack 25 times the height of Mount Everest.

Automatic machinery – covering acres of floor – punches, hardens, tempers, lacquers, prints, grinds, strops and hones the blades all day long. And the steel for this rapid continuous production must be as flawless as the finished blade. It must be absolutely uniform.

F. H. HAPPOLD *For most of his working life F. H. Happold has been a journalist writing mainly on economic, industrial and financial subjects.*

He has studied the British industrial scene from almost every angle over 25 years, and believes he recognises outstanding business efficiency when he comes across it.

At one time the supply of this special razor blade steel came from abroad. But a Stocksbridge steel firm tackled the job of producing it and quickly became master of the intricate technique.

NOW IT'S EARNING DOLLARS

Mr. J. F. Kayser, hard-headed North country Gillette metallurgist, was emphatic: "There's no better razor blade steel in the world than the special steel made in Britain."

So good is the British product that even in America the use of British razor blade steel is increasing, thus adding to our dollar earnings.

How is it done? In terms of plant, it meant brand new electric furnaces, rolling mills, instruments and so on, with new buildings to house them. It meant a major research effort. Above all, it called for the closest collaboration between experienced steelmakers and the experts in razor blade manufacture.

NOT JUST RAZOR BLADES...

The morning shave is but one of the thousands of ways in which special steels enter our daily lives. We use them in vacuum cleaners, washing machines, typewriters, motor cars, hair clips, needles and scissors – and a host of other everyday objects. Each one has probably called on the specialised knowledge and devotion of teams of technologists and skilled workers in both the steelmaking and manufacturing firms.

Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

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Nancy Mitford

The Tourist

"FOREIGNER, differing from speaker in language and customs, outside the Roman Empire; rude, wild, or uncultured person." The Barbarian of yesterday is the Tourist of to-day and he still preys on the rich old cities where our civilisation began.

A horde of displaced persons on the move throughout the summer months is one of the features, one of the problems of our age. What is the meaning of this yearly migration? Why do hundreds of thousands of human beings feel impelled to leave comfortable homes for the certain misery of the voyage and the uncertain amenities of the arrival, not to speak of danger to life and limb? Americans see typhoid germs wickedly lurking in every drop of European water and regard Europe as a dreaded smallpox area. There are the hazards of ship, aeroplane, and motor-coach. The last named has a way of taking to the air from mountain roads and of being pulverised at level crossings, so that neither hill nor plain can be considered perfectly safe. All tourists half expect to be murdered. So it is brave as well as energetic of them to tour. Why do they do it?

The answer is that the modern dwelling is comfortable, convenient, and clean, but it is not a home. Now that people live on shelves, perched between earth and sky, with nowhere to sit out of doors, no garden where they can plant a flower or pick a herb, they are driven on to the road for their holidays. All human beings need some æsthetic nourishment and the inhabitants of ugly towns form the bulk of the tourist trade. A search for beauty, known as sight-seeing, is common to all tourists; as well as that each nationality has a particular incentive to travel.

The English are a restless island race, fond of moving about, and the Grand Tour is an old tradition with them. The northern French are in search of sunshine, the southern French, like the southern Americans, have light and beauty at home, they do not need to move and seldom do. The northern Americans are after their own origins. Although they descend from people who could not get on in Europe and furiously shook its dust from their feet, they have a sentimental feeling for ancestors. They even look for them in England, nurturing a strange belief that in some country churchyard Hoggefeller and Potemkine lie dust to dust with Hogward and Potkin. They also come to shop. Tired of mass-produced, synthetic materials, looking like the froth from detergents, which choke up the Fifth Avenue emporiums, they feel a need for real lace and linen, anything hand-made, even baskets. "Look," I said to an American woman beside me in an aeroplane over Florence, "that is the Duomo." She replied, "Until what time do the stores remain open here?"

The Germans are a different matter. They make straight for the rich lands they have always coveted and never conquered and clank about in imaginary armour; marching; shouting; occupying. They take a more intelligent interest in what they see than the other tourists do, and they long to own it all. Probably, now, they never will; but they frighten me.

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It cannot be said that the modern barbarians do much harm. They do not sack or rape or plunder or pillage, raze to the ground or sow with salt; they pay, rather grudgingly sometimes, for what they take. They no longer carve their names on famous statues or chip off bits of mosaic for souvenirs. Their breath is not very good for pictures, but that is not their fault. Possibly the worst thing they have done, to a classical site, is the erection of the Stoa. Some Americans, who had seen the Victor Emmanuel monument on their way through Rome, very generously decided to present the Athenians with its equivalent which they call the Stoa of Attalos. It is ghastly, but does not matter much since Athens is past praying for. The Greeks themselves have torn down the charming city which we know from old prints (a Sick Man or two prettily fezzed in the foreground), which Lord Byron loved, and which cannot have been so very different, in its ageless Mediterranean way, from that which Socrates saw. They have replaced it with a formless mass of concrete which has even crept on to the Acropolis itself. We cannot blame the tourists for that. Nor are they to be blamed if, as too often happens in Italy, their hosts, anxious to accommodate them comfortably, pull down the architecture they have come to see and put up that from which they are running away.

I KNOW the tourist at close quarters in Paris, Versailles, and the Venetian lagoon. No, reader, I am not one myself. I

Easter

Paris, 13 May 1876

Early on Monday morning the British tourist made his appearance on the boulevards, and he has been visible at every turn ever since. He has fairly taken possession of the city, and if his presence is fleeting it is, so to speak, intense. You recognise him farther off than you do an American; he makes a more vivid spot in the picture. He is always and everywhere the same—carrying with him, in his costume and physiognomy, that indefinable expression of not considering anything out of England worth making, physically or morally, a toilet for.

The unanimity with which Englishmen abroad undress is indeed something surprising, and, say what we will, it seems to me in a certain way to be a sort of proof of that element of the still untamed and barbarous which some observers profess to find in the national character. I am sure M. Taine, for instance, never meets of an evening a flannel-shirted, pea-jacketed, soft-hatted son of Albion, followed by his robust feminine shadow, all blonde chignon and linsey-woolsey, without murmuring to himself that the "Vikings" and "Berserkers," the offspring of the north wind and the sea fog are not extinct. Civilisation has modified them, he must say, but it has not really altered them. No race carries a heavier external load of proprieties and conventional observances, but they are all on the surface, they have not been absorbed, and on the slightest pretext the natural man reasserts himself. A good pretext is found in a visit to this brilliant and exquisite Paris, the mother of arts and graces! What better proof of the undercurrent of barbarism in the British temperament can there be (we may still imagine the foreign critic enquiring) than the simple fact of the whole British nation going into dishabille in this æsthetically sacred spot?

This has been a beautiful day, and I have had occasion to walk about much in the streets. Every few moments I have encountered an English family, papa, mama, and daughters—gazing into a shop window, enquiring the way of the proprietress of a newspaper kiosk, or climbing into or out of a cab. I came home with a lively reflection uppermost in my mind—what a god-send is the British tourist to the French caricaturist! The French are an ugly race, if you will; the national type lacks dignity. The English are a handsome race; they have nobler lines and a grander mould than their neighbours; and yet, given the British physiognomy as you see it, at the end of protruded necks, on the boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli, and given the subtle, the acute, the diabolical French perception of external facts, and it is not hard to decide in whose shoes, for the moment, we would rather stand. My own fingers, as I walked along, itched for the pencil of "Cham" or of Daumier....

HENRY JAMES, "PARISIAN SKETCHES"

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am far too lazy to rush about seeing things. As I live in Paris I have no need to go elsewhere for shopping or to satisfy my æsthetic appetite. However I cannot work at home. I have lived at Versailles and Torcello when writing books. I go every year to Venice as a visitor, not a tourist; there is a world of difference between the two. (The tourist tours, he seldom spends a week in the same place. The visitor stays in a town and leads the life of its inhabitants.)

Paris is a capital city and the foreigner there makes little impact, except at Easter when what the papers call *une pluie d'Anglais* falls on it. Thousands of cheerful young people come over for two or three days, sun themselves, after the long dark winter, at café tables on the pavements and exude a great deal of jollity.

Both Versailles and Venice can swallow up enormous crowds; they need them, perhaps, to keep the ghosts at bay. Versailles has been open to the public ever since it was built; Venice too has always been thronged with visitors from East and West. It is saved by its situation from the one disfigurement with which the modern tourist can fairly be reproached, the parked motor car; and at Versailles the gardens and the view from the terrace are also free from that. Trianon, alas, is smothered in the dirty tin boxes, like a flower beneath a swarm of flies.

One thing about tourists is that it is very easy to get away from them. Like ants they follow a trail and a few yards each side of that trail there are none. In Paris they keep to the shopping centres and Saint Germain-des-Près. I have never seen one where I live, less than a mile south of the river. At Versailles the trail is even narrower. There is an excellent tea shop, one of those pretty 19th-century bakeries with stucco ceiling and wall paintings where you can sit down and drink a cup of chocolate with your croissant. It is perhaps three minutes' walk from the motor-coach park but no tourist ever finds it and its brisk trade depends entirely on local widows. Nobody visits the 18th-century Théâtre Montausier, the library (one of the most beautiful in the world), or the Musée Houdon. These things are just off the trail. In Venice, the side canals, most of the churches except St. Mark's, most of the museums except the Academia are empty and peaceful. The country everywhere, ten yards from a main road, is safe, since tourists on the whole are uninterested in scenery and anyhow in a hurry to get on. Part of their enjoyment lies in describing their tour to people at home; the evocation of a French wood of straight white poplars which seem to be waiting for a unicorn; of the melancholy pale-green Veneto; of the rich and varied Peloponese would not amuse the neighbours. The tourist confines himself to famous bricks and mortar in front of which he can photograph his wife and Junior. (Oh, must he bring Junior? Need he? I love children, especially when they cry because then somebody takes them away. But Junior can yell his head off and nobody takes him away. Is it good for him to travel? Does he enjoy it? Why not leave him at home?)

THE most intensive study I ever made of tourists was at Torcello where it is impossible to avoid them. Torcello is a minute island in the Venetian lagoon, where, among vineyards and wild flowers, some thirty cottages surround a great cathedral which was being built when William the Conqueror came to England. A canal and a path lead from the lagoon to the village; the vineyards are intersected by canals; red and yellow sails glide slowly through the vines. Bells from the campanile ring out reproaches three times a day (*"cloches, cloches, divins reproches"*) joined by a chorus of bells from the surrounding islands. There is an inn where I lived one summer, writing my book and observing the tourists. Torcello which used to be lonely as a cloud has recently become an outing from Venice. Many more visitors than it can comfortably hold pour into it, off the regular steamers, off chartered motor-boats, and off yachts; all day they amble up the tow-path, looking for what? The cathedral is decorated with early mosaics—scenes from hell, much restored, and a great sad, austere Madonna; Byzan-

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tine art is an acquired taste and probably not one in ten of these tourists has acquired it. They wander into the church and look round aimlessly. They come out on to the village green and photograph each other in a stone armchair. They relentlessly tear at the wild roses which one has seen in bud and longed to see in bloom and which, for a day, have scented the whole island. As soon as they are picked the roses fade and are thrown into the canal. The Americans visit the inn to eat or drink something. The English declare that they can't afford to do this. They take food which they have brought with them into the vineyard and I am sorry to say leave the devil of a mess behind them. Every Thursday the Germans come up the tow-path, marching as to war, with a Leader. There is a standing order for fifty luncheons at the inn; while they eat the Leader lectures them through a megaphone. After luncheon they march into the cathedral and undergo another lecture. They, at least, know what they are seeing. Then they march back to their boat. They are tidy; they leave no litter.

More interesting, however, than the behaviour of the tourists is that of the islanders. As they are obliged, whether they like it or not, to live in public during the whole summer, they very naturally try to extract some financial benefit from this state of affairs. The Italian is a born actor; between the first boat from Venice, at 11 a.m., and the last on which the ordinary tourist leaves at 6 p.m., the island is turned into a stage with all the natives playing a part. Young men from Burano, the next island, dress up as gondoliers and ferry tourists from the steamer to the village in gondolas. One of them brings a dreadful little brother called Eric who pesters everybody to buy the dead bodies of sea-horses, painted gold. "Buona fortuna," he chants. I got very fond of Eric. Sweet-faced old women sit at the cottage doors selling postcards and trinkets and apparently making *point de Venise* lace. They have really got it, on sale or return, from relations in Burano where it is made by young girls. Old women, with toil-worn hands, cannot do such fine work. It is thought that the tourists are more likely to buy if they think they see the lace being made, but hardly any of them seem to appreciate its marvellous quality. Babies toddle about offering four-leafed clovers and hoping for a tip. More cries of "buona fortuna." The priest organises holy processions to coincide with the arrival of the steamer. And so the play goes on. The tourists are almost incredibly mean, they hardly leave anything on the island except empty cigarette boxes and flapping *Daily Mails*. The lace is certainly very expensive, but they might buy a few postcards or shell necklaces and give the children some pennies; they seem to have hearts of stone.

As soon as the last boat has gone, down comes the curtain. The gondoliers shed their white linen jackets and silly straw hats and go back to Burano, taking Eric, highly dissatisfied with his earnings and saying if this goes on he will die of hunger. The sweet old women let the smiles fade from their faces, put away their lace-making pillows, and turn to ordinary activities of village life such as drowning kittens. The father of the clover babies creeps about on his knees finding four-leafed clovers for the next day. The evening reproaches ring out, the moon comes up, the flapping *Daily Mails* are blown into the lagoon. Torcello is itself again.

No doubt the tourists do spoil it. It is too small, its charm is too fragile, it should not be exposed to such an invasion. The inhabitants bitterly resent the crowds which do a lot of damage and bring very little cash. The inn, though it has wonderfully kept its character, only functions as a real village pub in the evening, and then not always. Parties of rich people come in motor-boats to dine there; make a noise; keep everybody awake until all hours.

The problems observed at Torcello are, in a general way, those of tourism as a whole. It is clearly not a desirable human development, is rapidly getting out of hand, and leads to dislike and misunderstanding between allies. The natives hate the tourists for being (apparently) rich and mean. The

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tourists despise the natives for being (apparently) poor and feckless. Exterior signs of riches vary so much in different countries that people are often mistaken as to the true state of affairs. A farmer in France or Italy may be very rich indeed but feel no desire for a smartly-tiled kitchen or well-appointed bathroom. A fur-coated American may not be the millionairess that she seems. Most tourists nowadays pay a sum down for the tour itself, organised in every detail by a travel agency; they may have very little cash to spend on extras. But the native does not realise this. He sees his town overrun while few compensating advantages come his way. He does not see the tourist as an interesting visitor from another clime but as a purse, and a tight purse at that, containing the deutschmark, the pound, or the dollar. There is nothing to be done about it, impossible to stem the tide, but what will happen when it is swollen by the li, the rouble, the yen, and the rupee? That, far more surely than any war, will be the end of old Europe.

VISITORS

Nothing in England is like the rest of Europe. Everything in Albion has a special character.... Their general style of life does not resemble in any particular that of other peoples; and above all their cooking.

CASANOVA (*1763*)

The French are frivolous because they have been condemned to a kind of government which could be maintained only by encouraging frivolity, and as for vivacity, the French have more in their mind than in their character. The English are more impetuous and more violent; of this their history gives a multitude of proofs. Who could have believed less than two centuries ago that a stable government could ever be established with these factious islanders? On the continent it was always being said that they were incapable of this. They have deposed, killed, overturned more kings, princes, and governments than all Europe put together and yet they have in the end obtained the most noble, brilliant, and religious social order which exists in the old world.

MME. DE STAEL (*1813*)

Send a philosopher to London—but not a poet. Send a philosopher here and place him at a corner of Cheapside; he will learn here more than from all the books of the last Leipzig Fair.

HEINE (*1827*)

In the Haymarket I have seen mothers putting their little daughters up for sale.... They run all over the world even into the depths of Africa in order to convert one savage, and they forget the millions of savages in London.

DOSTOIEVSKY (*1862*)

I went on a long walk with Vladimir Ilyich through London. From a bridge he pointed out to me Westminster Abbey and other noteworthy buildings.... "This is their *famous Westminster." This was the tone of his voice whenever he spoke of cultural treasures or new acquisitions—of the library of the British Museum....* They *can do it,* they *have it,* they *succeed—what enemies!*

TROTSKY (*1902*)

In England there is no middle course between silence and scandal. Choose silence.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS (1938)

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J. G. Weightman

A View of the Côte d'Azur

A SHORT way of defining the Côte d'Azur, that sun-drenched strip of Mediterranean shore between Menton in the East and St. Tropez or Hyères in the West, would be to say that, for Anglo-Saxons at least, it is the prototype of all holiday places. Another, more dismal, definition would be that it is part of the former British Empire on which the sun has finally set. An Englishman who now explores the area methodically for the first time, counting his francs with care to see if they will stretch to another iced beer, cannot repress a certain feeling of melancholy, however progressive his opinions may be. The Phoenician remains and the Greek vases are in the local museums; the Romans have left roads, arenas, and the haughty triumphal monument of La Turbie; a sort of Fabergé Russianism clings around parts of Nice; but memories of our forebears dimly predominate. They are commemorated by a church or two, statues—Lord Brougham, for instance, is one of the very few fully clad human forms within half-a-mile of Cannes beach—and the names of innumerable streets, hôtels, villas, and clubs: *La Promenade des Anglais, L'avenue du Capitaine Scott, L'Hôtel Windsor, L'Hôtel Carlton, L'Hôtel Welcome, Le Winter Palace, L'Hôtel Sweet Home, The Daffodils, Le Sporting d'hiver*, to mention only a few.

We are still present, of course. Sir Winston Churchill is honorary mayor of Cap d'Ail, but he is both a survival from the Edwardian epoch and an international figure. Mr. Somerset Maugham continues to be a landmark at Cap Ferrat. I am told that Monte Carlo shelters, in addition to Farouk and the modern Greek colony, a few other English indestructibles over eighty. The Riviera telephone book contains a fair sprinkling of Colonels and Ladies. As you sit on Cannes beach, you can see poor, banned Lady Docker in her yacht nudging wistfully along the horizon, like Eve hanging around the Gates. And thousands of English tourists of all kinds are staying, or moving, along the coast. But the great era of quiet possession has long been over. The English are now no more numerous, and much poorer, than the American contingent. The revolutionary change is that the French themselves have at last woken up to the possibilities of the Côte d'Azur and are exploiting it as a national and international, all-the-year-round resort, in a tremendous building boom the like of which has not been seen in France for generations. Those proud, but anachronistic words: "UNDER ENGLISH MANAGEMENT" can still be read in faded paint on tatty walls, while the latest dispensation is being organised in a din of traffic and hammering and drilling and multilingual shouts.

NO WONDER the idle rich came here when they were not at Deauville or on the Scottish moors or enjoying the London season. I have not seen the country in winter and spring, when the vegetation is at its best; nor did I know it before it was cluttered up with motor cars and being bull-dozed into shape for the modern world. Yet even now, in the height of the turbulent summer, it has a kind of physical perfection which corresponds to an ideal that each of us, no doubt, had always carried unconsciously inside him. Had we invented the landscape and weather ourselves, we should not have made them different. When you open the shutters at half-past six, the sun is already shining with a firm and gentle radiance. There is no need for that English anxiety which found immortal expression in the sonnet: *"Full many a glorious morning have I seen . . ."*; no hint of that Romantic fragility of mood which makes English weather so complex and disturbing. Anon, there will still be a firm, if less gentle, radiance. The light

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here has the bland strength of an unshakeable, classical principle. The plants and trees are silver-grey, steely-blue, greenish-black, and all spangled and dripping with brilliant flowers. They grow lushly together and the shadows among them are as vital as the rest, like dark solidified light. An immense pleasure is to be had through just looking at things. Every meal is a still-life; the tomatoes are paradisal, the bread glows with holiness, the peaches are as velvety as a beautiful sin. Everything, in fact, is like a glossy advertisement or an English railway-poster, except that everything is, at the same time, artistically true and good. Only in the scented evening, when a broad, butter-coloured moon hangs in the purple sky between two palm trees, do you begin to feel that the Almighty's taste may be a little uncertain. Very occasionally, in the late afternoon, there may be an unbewitching hour when the ordinary, prosaic world seems to be muttering threateningly from beyond the horizon and the balmy air becomes silky and soiled.

Here are details which explain why the name *"Eden"* occurs so frequently along the coast. On most days in the year, the mid-day meal can be eaten out of doors; on Christmas Day, the butter is likely to melt. Most, if not all the plants, bloom twice or thrice a year. Mimosa is considered as a weed by the owners of villas, because it upsets walls. At Nice, some of the sparrows are canaries, descended from those which escaped from the aristocratic aviaries of the past. At St. Paul, I saw goldfinches twittering in an orange tree strung with luminous fruit. You can sit out all night on Cannes beach and sun-bathe from about half-past seven. As you go down the mildly sloping sand into the cool translucent wave, you have all the brightness of the morning to your left and, to your right, a magnificent theatrical back-cloth on which is painted, in glistening detail, the port, Vieux-Cannes rising quaintly to its clock-tower and, beyond, the high barrier of the Esterel running out to sea. In the blazing afternoon, you can lie in the green shallows off the Île Ste. Marguérite and listen to the cicadas sizzling with wild urgency in the fragrant pines and rest your eyes on the last, snow-topped tier of mountains behind Nice and Monaco. "Where are the lotos-bushes?" you wonder idly. "Need we bother to look for them?" I was lying thus, lapped by green eddies in a white absence of thought, while water-skiers ripped diamond furrows in the deep-blue main, when I suddenly heard a young English voice on the other side of the rocks call out with embarrassed conviction: "I say, it's bloody nice here, isn't it?"

If physical satiety threatens, and you are one of the half-dozen surviving practitioners of that quaint old folk-art, *le footing*, you can always take a stroll through history and layers of civilisation. For instance, one of the densest little walks I know is the forty-five-minute descent from La Turbie to Monaco. You begin on the *Grande Corniche*, in slightly Alpine air and with wisps of mist floating over the hillside. You can think of Saracen invasions or Napoleonic marches but the scene is dominated by the Trophy of Augustus which, even in its ruined state, has such Roman massiveness that it seems to be holding the mountain in place. From the village, an ancient cobbled mule-path winds down among half-abandoned terraces planted with olives and fig-trees and rustling with birds, lizards, and butterflies. You pass an occasional châlet-farm and see an archaic peasant hacking at the earth. At each turn you get a slightly different view of the superb coast with that toy-like anomaly, the State of Monaco, nestling below. The first built-up area beyond the *Moyenne Corniche* is the surprisingly slummy French district of Beausoleil around the old Phoenician port of La Condamine. Then you come suddenly into the spruce, *"belle époque"* atmosphere of the Monaco streets, discreet and quiet with wealth. You start climbing again, up to the Palace esplanade where you find a scene of the intensest 20th-century vulgarity. In front of the comic opera façade and under the eye of two sentinels who appear to have hired their ill-fitting uniforms by post from the costumier's, tourists are tumbling out of their cars to have a drink and buy pictures of Princess Grace and her children. The only surviving autocratic principality in Europe, now several hundred years old, is built upon the Rock, a rock of publicity, postage-stamps, tax-exemption, and gambling. Unreal city, all clean and pastel and reeking with the scandalous gossip of generations. It may be, however, that the people ostentatiously drinking their *apéritifs* on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris are no grosser than the Roman plutocrats who came up to Nice for the Carnival. To an untempted eye, the Casino is a money-brothel, the croupiers have the evil faces of devil-waiters, the

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gamblers are debased, yet it is perhaps appropriate that an incredible coast should be completed by a paradoxical Royal enclave and a super stock-exchange of pure chance.

WHY the French, who are very sensitive about their national glories, should have taken so long to realise the qualities of their part of the Riviera di Ponente is a historical problem I can only speculate about, since no authoritative study of it appears to have been written.

Nice, of course, did not belong to France between 1814 and 1860, but Cannes has always been French and the country is almost as fine around Cannes and to the West as it is to the East. As you travel along from St. Tropez to Menton, past the hundreds of *terrains à vendre* and soaring blocks of APPARTEMENTS GRAND STANDING, GRAND CONFORT, past the endlessly repeating rows of parasols on the *plages publiques* and the *plages privées*, through the milling crowds of bronze Apollos and Aphrodites, Mercuries and Dianas, it becomes clear that a new gold-rush or sun-rush is on. According to official figures, in the last ten years 400,000 people have taken up residence on the coast and the total number present during the summer months has increased twenty-fold. In the last six years, the deposits in the Caisse d'Epargne in the two departments of the Var and the Alpes Maritimes have multiplied ten-fold. The change is, then, very recent. The beach certainly remains international; I noticed five or six varieties of English (Birmingham to Glasgow), American, Belgian, French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, émigré Russian, and Serbo-Croat; I saw a group of blond German boys with a guitar singing *"Frankie and Johnnie"* in very creditable American next to a middle-aged Jewess of indefinite origin with a number tattoed on her arm; I overheard English widows and divorcées discussing the eternal question of bank-balances and dollar accounts; but the general feeling is overwhelmingly French. The press, cinema, radio, and television all bear witness to the fact that the French have only now developed, for the first time, what might be called a "Côte d'Azur mentality," whereas "the Riviera" has been part of English and American folklore for generations.

The modern history of the area can be seen as three overlapping phases: up to 1914; 1919 to 1939; 1948 to the present day.

Like the other half of the Gulf of Genoa, it was used as a winter residential area by the English aristocracy from the last part of the 18th century. By 1820, they were apparently so numerous in Nice that they clubbed together to build the *Promenade des Anglais*. As for Cannes, everybody will tell you that it was put on the map by Lord Brougham, who stayed there for the first time in 1834. He made it so distinguished that eventually almost every reigning family in Europe was represented there during the winter season. Nice was more raffish and associated with Russian Grand-Dukes and *demi-mondaines*; Monte Carlo, after 1861 when the present Casino was built, more raffish still. In addition to the fashionable aristocrats, there was also a large population of invalids and convalescents, wealthy Americans following the aristocratic example, retired Indian civil servants and army officers who could no longer stand the English climate, and English widows and spinsters. It was for these people that the hotels were constructed in the middle and second half of the 19th century. They migrated back and forth in September and April with the regularity of swallows. A descendant of the founder of the Hôtel Westminster in Cannes quotes his grandfather as saying: *"En réalité, ce sont les vieilles filles anglaises qui ont fait la fortune de Cannes."*

It would be wrong to suggest that the French took no interest in the Mediterranean coast during this period. Their aristocracy does not seem to have been much in evidence, perhaps because of the political upheavals or perhaps because of the different rhythm of the French social season. However, some bourgeois families had villas that they sent their children to in the spring; you can still find French people in their sixties who remember seeing Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery on the station platform at Beaulieu or who were chucked under the chin by Queen Victoria on some path along the lower slopes. Some painters settled in the South—Renoir, for instance, at Cagnes. Maupassant got involved in the fashionable world and, like an earlier Arnold Bennett, had a yacht. Two minor writers, Alphonse Karr and Stéphen Liégard, proclaimed the beauties of the Côte d'Azur, and the former was connected with the development of the flower industry and the popularisation of St. Raphaël. Yet, generally speaking, right up to 1914 the French middle classes remained faithful to Normandy and Brittany, considered the Mediterranean un-

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healthy in summer and looked upon the winter season as a foreign, mainly English, affair, the only French participants being a few aristocrats, *demi-mondaines*, and adventurers.*

After 1918, the old foreign colony was gradually reconstituted to some extent, both by the orthodox and by the new Bright Young Things. But more important now was the international literary and artistic Bohemia, which was to give the Riviera a second wave of prestige in the Anglo-Saxon world, through its association with such figures as Lawrence, Huxley, Katherine Mansfield, Scott Fitzgerald, Diaghileff, and Grace Moore. These people were following the aristocratic tradition and some of them were supported by the wealthy survivors of the pre-war dispensation. However, they were also seeking emancipation, colour, and a comparatively cheap existence in the sunlight of the Mediterranean. Iconoclasts, artists, and sexual deviationists (and often the same persons were all three) went South to escape from philistinism and convention and turned the Riviera into the stamping-ground of the detribalised Anglo-Saxon. The *Promenade des Anglais* was given final consecration through being the place where Isadora Duncan was romantically strangled by her own scarf. The Hôtel Welcome at Villefranche is still pointed out as having been the occasional haunt of Diaghileff and the Bloomsbury Group. One could do an elaborate tour of the coast, staying only in hotels and villas formerly inhabited by English and American writers.

SCOTT FITZGERALD states in *Tender is the Night* and in letters quoted in Arthur Mizener's biography, that it was the Americans, with their liking for heat, who invented the new summer season on the Riviera:

> The gay elements of society had divided into two main streams, one flowing towards Palm Beach and Deauville and the other, much smaller, towards the summer Riviera. One could get away with more on the summer Riviera, and whatever happened seemed to have something to do with art. From 1926 to 1929, the great years of the Cap d'Antibes, this corner of France was dominated by a group quite distinct from that American society which is dominated by Europeans.

A rather different story is told by Margaret Morris, who still spends July and August at Antibes with her husband, the painter J. D. Fergusson, a Riviera habitué of nearly fifty years' standing. She held a summer school there in 1923 and says that attention was attracted to its summer possibilities by photographs of her dancers diving into the swimming-pool at the Hôtel du Cap (now the famous Eden-Roc pool), which were published in English and American papers. The proprietor of the Hôtel du Cap, a M. Sella of Italian origin, was very keen to develop his hotel as a summer resort, instead of closing for the dead season, as most hotels had done so far. If ever a man has gone to the other Paradise with his ambitions fully achieved, it must have been M. Sella.

But another factor was now contributing to the change. The sun itself, as it were, had been discovered. Where English ladies once sat decorously reading on winter afternoons, naked human forms in their hundreds of thousands now lie side by side under the unblinking summer eye of the one god that everybody recognises. If any single person is particularly responsible for this change, it would seem to be the Swiss doctor, Auguste Rollier, who probably deserves his statue alongside Lord Brougham. The recognition of sunlight as a source and regulator of vitality appears to date back to the post-Rousseauistic naturalism of the late 18th century, but it had developed very slowly in the 19th century, except in the Scandinavian and Germanic countries, where it may have been helped by remnants of pagan sun-worship. Partly inspired by the Swedish example, Rollier opened a sunshine clinic at Leysins in the Swiss Alps in 1903, and later published his findings, first in French, and then in English in 1923 under the title of *Heliotherapy*. In a preface to this work, the eminent English doctor, Sir Henry Gauvain, hailed Rollier as "The High Priest of Modern Sun-Worshippers." This new trend obviously combined with the post-war urge towards emancipation and the Lawrentian emphasis on health and sex to produce that obsession with sun-tan (quite distinct from the older tradition of sea-

* Liégard is said to have invented the expression *"Côte d'Azur,"* which the French use much more (often shortening it to *"La Côte"*) than *"La Rivière,"* normally applied only to the ex-Italian part from Nice Eastwards. *"Côte d'Azur"* does not seem to occur before 1887, when Liégeard published his very flowery guide under that title. He puts it in capitals in his preface and it certainly corresponds to the tone of his prose but, strangely enough for so self-satisfied a man, he does not claim to have invented it. Actually, he uses it, like *"La Rivière"* (not *"Riviéra"*), to mean the whole of the Gulf of Genoa to Genoa itself.

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bathing), which is the basis of a great modern industry. On the Riviera beaches, soft-spoken half-caste girls in white nylon-fur bikinis come round to rub you with *mousse d'ambre solaire*, agreeably blending the Noble Savage myth with the caressingness of the harem and the symbolism of anointing. There is noise and gaiety, but fundamentally the purpose is serious communion with the source of life. Lawrence expressed the movement in his description of the repressed girl in *The Lovely Lady*:

> Luxuriously she spread herself, so that the sun should touch her limbs fully, fully. If she had no other lover, she should have the sun....

Actually, on the Riviera beaches, the husband or lover is usually spreading himself no less luxuriously beside her. As you can read in Dr. Rollier's book, exposure to sunlight greatly increases the amount of phosphorus in the blood.

THE French took to sun-bathing rather more slowly perhaps than the Northern races. In 1920, Claude Anet, an intelligent minor novelist who had just visited a sun-bathing beach on the Danube, declared in *L'Illustration* that such a delightful practice was only conceivable among the innocent Austrians; it was out of the question in France. Nevertheless, it gradually caught on and the middle classes began to go South. The introduction of paid holidays for workers in 1936 increased the flow, and now that the whole nation is motorised, it has become an avalanche. Normandy, Brittany, and the Basque coast are temporarily out of fashion, although they have made a slight recovery this year, since the Côte d'Azur was so impossibly crowded last year. All classes of Frenchmen are now bent on having their place in the sun. It has become one of the goals of the moderately successful business or professional man to have a flat that he can go to whenever he has a spare moment, and that he can eventually retire to. In Cannes alone, an official told me, some 8,000 flats have been built in the last ten years and the present level of prices in a modern structure seems to be about £3,000 per room, which argues considerable prosperity, even if some of the money is capital withdrawn from North Africa. The less well-to-do go to camps. The latest list gives the names of 230 on the coast in the two Riviera departments. They are now properly organised and inspected and, if you have no tendency to agoraphobia, look very pretty indeed with their multicoloured tents. They are like large native villages inhabited by a new race of elegant primitives, who have very respectable cars and play shuttle-cock or volley-ball in the comparative cool of the morning. A great many of these summer savages, all identical in their short shorts or modesty pochettes, are technicians, skilled workers, teachers, and civil servants.

The one apparent paradox of the situation is that no new hotels are being built, while many of the old ones have been turned into flats. But great schemes are now on foot to move the railway line and the roads as far back as possible from the shore and to put up hotels in the immediate hinterland. It is, after all, quite logical that the Mediterranean coast should become the solarium of a modernised, mechanised, hygiene-conscious nation.

SINCE fashions change so rapidly, it may be worth noting the present routine on a Riviera beach. At Cannes, the foreshore is divided up into *plages publiques* and *plages privées*, which are allotments about thirty to fifty yards long, separated by slight wooden fences. Each *plage* is leased by the municipal authorities to a *plagiste* or to a hotel. "Public" and "private" mean, roughly speaking, Third and First Class. You can go on to the *plage publique* for nothing and you pay only a nominal sum for deck-chair, parasol, and changing cabin. The cabin is not necessary, since there is no changing, apart from slipping shorts on or off over the bathing costume. What costs 100 frs. on the public beach for half-a-day will cost 500–600 frs. on the private beach, which is therefore never quite as crowded. The deck-chairs are more elaborate or are replaced by mattresses with head-rests. It may be obligatory to put your shorts or sports shirt in the *vestiaire* —another 100 frs. You raise a finger and a deft slave places a low table by your head and serves you with excellent coffee, ice-cream, or drinks. In the little restaurant at the back of each *plage privée*, lunch and dinner are available. With £3 or £4 per day per person to spend on the beach, you could enjoy an impression of absolute luxury. The sea is always in the same place, because there is no tide. You can count on twelve hours of steady sunshine. Your plot of beach is defined by your mattress and parasol; English and French papers are brought to you; the food and drinks are superb; there is physical proximity to other people but no tiring psychological intimacy, since the conventions of

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French bourgeois stand-offishness prevail. The beach is clean; the crowd does not eat sweets or sandwiches or scatter papers; in any case, the *plagiste* rakes and sieves his rectangle of sand every morning. There is only one drawback; by mid-day, the sea seems to be getting dirty. If a yacht or two have anchored in the bay, distinguished refuse begins to float around. At one moment, tasting the sting of sun-tan lotion in the water and noticing, as they drifted past, wan slices of lemon that had no doubt been fresh the night before on floating cocktail bars, I felt I was swimming in a vast second-hand dry martini. The Mediterranean is a beautiful and treacherous salt lake; I don't think a Northerner can ever quite consider it as a sea.

As regards dress, a fashionable young man will wear a nylon fig-leaf, a gold chain round his neck and a waterproof wrist-watch, and he may have a design tattooed over his heart or on his left thigh. The corresponding young woman will wear a lavender checked-gingham bikini, the top part of which is like two half-moons, while the bottom strip miraculously adheres to her hips, well below her navel. She will not put on a bathing-cap. It is very pleasant to see long-haired Aphrodite rising perpetually from the waves, and Lorelei drifting on a li-lo.

IN THE last few years of feverish change, a French "Riviera mythology" has come into being, both spontaneously and through deliberate fabrication. Painters, writers, film-stars, film-directors, and song-pluggers have all contributed to it. New places of pilgrimage have been added to the old historical monuments, tropical gardens, and scent factories. There are chapels decorated by Cocteau and Matisse at Villefranche and Vence. Vallauris is where Picasso set a now universal fashion in pottery. St. Paul, an old fortified town much smaller than Hampstead Village, is now, as a popular song has it, "la banlieue de Paris." For a few years it has almost taken the place of the extinct Parisian districts of Montparnasse and Montmartre. It has three famous restaurants (one of which is adorned with pictures by Picasso, Braque, Léger, and others, donated to the late proprietor), a resident film-director and his court, an intimate theatre, an elderly "primitive" woman painter who boldly signs with her maiden name of Delacroix, a weaver, and a potter. Inside the walls of most of the ancient houses are modern luxury flats for Parisians. Haut-de-Cagnes is going the same way, now that Brigitte Bardot has rented the house at the very top of the hill. While tourists peep through the keyhole of the garden door, masons and plumbers are gutting and renovating all down the slope. But the place which is being transformed most rapidly through the pressure of modern publicity is St. Tropez, the scene of the film *Et Dieu créa la femme*. The pine-bordered beach has become "La plage de Tahiti," where Mlle Bardot's recently rejected suitor, the singer Sacha Distel, was the principal attraction during the month of July. So fashionable is St. Tropez with the young that it is the one place to have acquired a sort of nickname; it has been shortened to *"St. Trop,"* rather as the Edwardian bloods reduced Monte Carlo to *"Monte."* According to a recent estimate, there were 25,000 people in the town and only 8,000 beds. If we put two people in each bed, which would presumably be consonant with the spirit of the place, we are still left with 9,000 who have to go to the night-clubs or stay out on the beach. Their reward is the feeling that they are at the hub of the summer universe. St. Tropez, Cannes, Le Lavandou, and the Southern motor-road, *La Route Nationale 7*, have been made the subject of popular songs. All this is, psychologically, very trashy, but economically most important, since it is part of the French aspect of the modern commercial appeal to youth. There are signs now that the famous people, having helped to draw the crowds, are about to move on to more secluded spots. The international Bohemians, needless to say, melted away long ago before the rising prices, and only one or two survive surprisingly in nooks and crannies. When the present publicity craze subsides, the Côte d'Azur will no doubt have lost almost all its eccentric human poetry, both the genuine and the phoney, and have become one long, still beautiful, fairly commonplace, built-up area.

"THE Riviera in Literature" sounds like a thesis-title that any respectable Research Board would turn down with a shudder, but I have delved in this lotos-field a little to see what confirmation or correction can be found for the foregoing impressions. From the French point of view, the Côte d'Azur is part of Provence and the great inland tradition of Provençal literature appears to ignore the coast as such. No outstanding name is associated with this shore, as Mistral is connected with the hinterland, Rousseau and Lamartine with the Alps

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and Savoy, Du Bellay with Anjou, or Baudelaire with Paris. Paul Valéry is eminently Mediterranean and contributed something to Nice during his later years through the creation of the *Centre universitaire*. Had he not been born West of Marseilles and lived most of his life in Paris, he might have been made into "the Riviera poet," because his two great sun-sea-sex-and-death poems, *Le Cimetière marin* and *Ebauche d'un Serpent* express to perfection one interpretation at least of the physical and metaphysical quality of the coast. Curiously enough, the graveyard by the sea at St. Tropez (in which Mlle Bardot is said to have already bought her plot) corresponds better to the poem than the so-called original graveyard at Sète, being finer and more dramatically placed. And at Monte Carlo, where there is more than a hint of diabolism in the air, Satan's invocation to the sun could be carved most appositely on the Rock:

Soleil, soleil! . . . Faute éclatante!
Toi qui masques la mort, Soleil,
Sous l'azur et l'or d'une tente
Où les fleurs tiennent leur conseil;
Par d'impénétrables délices,
Toi, le plus fier des mes complices,
Et de mes pièges le plus haut,
Tu gardes les cœurs de connaître
Que l'univers n' est qu'un défaut
Dans la pureté du Non-Etre!

Eve is on any beach, with pearl-varnished toenails, and wearing the slightest of costumes, which is in any case invisible, being of the same colour as her sun-tan:

Cette parfaite m'apparut,
Son flanc vaste et d'or parcouru
Ne craignant le soleil ni l'homme;
Tout offerte aux regards de l'air,
L'âme encore stupide, et comme
Interdite au seuil de la chair.

However, Valéry transcends the Riviera and it would be unfair to annex him to it.

In 19th-century French literature, there seems to be nothing except Maupassant's minor travel-sketches in *Sur l'Eau*. Between 1919 and 1939, the Riviera did not become a theme for the French because sunshine, exoticism, and emancipation were associated, in the works of Montherlant and Gide, with Spain and North Africa. Giono wrote poetic, Mary Webb-like novels about the peasants of the interior and was later followed, in a more fantastic vein, by Henri Bosco. The first specific references to the coast seem to occur in Colette, who took a house in St. Tropez in 1927, at the age of fifty-four, and began using the background in her subsequent books. The first, *La Naissance du Jour*, is a rather laborious, overwritten work, full, however, of local colour; a more subtle impression of the country and its international denizens is conveyed in the excellent short story, *Bella Vista*. In *La Douceur de la vie* (1938), volume eighteen of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, Jules Romains makes one of his characters, a French writer, discover how pleasant winter can be in Nice and gives good, if conventional, descriptions of the landscape. In a few other French novels, and in many English and American ones, there are vivid glimpses of aspects of life on the Riviera.* However, I have found only three works which really broach what might be called the sociological problem. Fortunately, they correspond to the three phases I have outlined: the aristocratic-residential; the international Bohemian; and the post-1950 French. They are *The Gilded Caravan* (1927) by Alice Woods, *The Rock Pool* (1934) by Cyril Connolly, and *Le Grand Dadais* (1958) by Bertrand Poirot-Delpech. (Incidentally, my thanks are due to an admirable character from the second, still very much alive in her original haunt, who lent me her copy of the first, which is unobtainable in both the British Museum and the London Library.)

The Gilded Caravan is not a good book; in fact, it is not much more than a novelette, sprinkled with dated, and unintentionally funny, details. But it has a serious purpose, which is to show that lotos-eating is not enough. The heroes, Henry and Janet, are wealthy Americans who, instead of staying at home to increase the family fortunes, elect (circa 1900) to share the life of the English upper-class in Europe. The meaning of the title is that they are riding in a gilded caravan to the East to spend money, whereas their ancestors drove a work-a-day caravan Westwards to earn it. Henry has a conscience and, every now and again, wishes he could escape from the sweets of the Riviera to the astringency of New York.

* The middle chapters of *Save Me the Waltz* (1934), by Zelda Fitzgerald, give a bleak account of a summer in a villa near St. Raphaël. Peter de Polnay, in *A Door Ajar* (1959), describes, in what seems to be a mixture of fact and fiction, casino-fauna and the remnants of the old upper-class English residents at Menton, Monte Carlo, Antibes, and Cannes, in the early 1930's.

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Janet is a "trinket-woman," intelligent and deliberately frivolous, who insists on idling away their life in entertainment. During the first years, to give a purpose to existence, Henry turns himself into a tennis champion (in the 1950's this would have solved his problem by earning him enough money to soothe his conscience; the Kramer team is "doing" the Riviera this summer). Later the birth of a daughter, Rosette, gives him a momentary interest in education. Then the War comes, and he is genuinely happy helping the Allied cause and preparing the way for American intervention. Peace brings sadness and disillusion and a feverish attempt to rebuild the pre-1914 Riviera life. Instead of living in luxury hôtels, Henry decides to make himself useful and buy a villa ("Well, they'd make a home now, justify themselves, their pearls and their emeralds."). Installed in an exquisite small palace on the Cap d'Antibes, they find nothing better to do than drink themselves stupid every night with a host of English and American guests, because the perfect servants run the place without their help. Henry had been appalled before 1914 when Janet began to give her hair a coloured rinse; he is shocked when she comes back from America in 1919, openly using lipstick; by 1920 or so, she is taking too many cocktails before dinner and is so drunk afterwards that she falls asleep in her clothes. All this time, however, she has had cancer, which is felt to provide her with a retrospective excuse, and soon she dies, leaving Henry free to be taken back to America by his old father to the virile satisfactions of money-earning.

Virtue and effectiveness are represented throughout the story by Barrey, an English friend of the couple, and their daughter, Rosette. Barrey is a bachelor, a distinguished younger son of an aristocratic family, and he lives on a small private income, writing books which occasionally enjoy a *succès d'estime*. Although he appreciates luxury at his family home in England and spends part of each winter and spring on the Riviera or in Italy, he is really above material considerations ("What is weather when the blood is rilling warm through a man's mind?"). As for Rosette, she hates it "down here in your silly, palmy, lit-up tropics," and her one thought is to get away "where it's cold and ugly." At the end of his twenty-five years' stay, Henry refers to the Riviera as a "sunny hell" and even Janet, not long before her death, finds a symbol for Satan in the Garden of Eden: "I hate palm trees.... They are more animal, snakes, creatures, than trees. They are horrors."

The book is remarkable for its perceptive descriptions of the beauty of the Riviera and the confusions of the author's attitude. The theme is fundamentally the same as that dealt with by Lawrence in *Things* and Hemingway in *Mr. and Mrs. Eliot*—the pointlessness of a superficial, expatriate life. But Alice Woods's philosophy is no more than a shamefaced materialism. Eventually, with the author's approval, Rosette will marry a successful young American writer who says: "God, how I love money." His recipe for healthy living is to possess only a Tin Lizzy, although he stays at the Negresco and could afford an expensive car ("A fleet of 'em, if I wanted to. A scream, ain't it? It's little old T. Elizabeth Ford that keeps me sweet."). Nowadays, this sort of exhibitionist half-snob would drive up to Eden-Roc on a scooter to stay among the film-stars.

If *The Gilded Caravan* is a worthy and muddled attempt to pass moral judgment on the last phase of the idle-residential period, *The Rock Pool* celebrates the heyday of the international summer Bohemia. Artists and intellectuals are hinted at in *The Gilded Caravan* as poor and decent people living with their mistresses in obscure little houses up in the hills. By the late 1920's they are setting the tone down on the coast in a riot of drunkenness and sexual complication. Connolly's hero, Naylor, could be Barrey's nephew; he too lives on a small private income and toys with writing. And *The Rock Pool* is also a moral tale, the lesson being that it is better to become an aimless, emancipated drunk, sitting soggy with Pernod in the Mediterranean sun, than to go back to the meaningless conventions of the bowler-hat-and-rolled-umbrella world. This is a far cry from Barrey, who had always remained mentally bowler-hatted, although he wore the expensive cast-off felt hats of his elder brother, "a great swell." Barrey had said: "Being British, my roots evidently require frost." Naylor is willingly defrosted in a series of unhappy love-affairs with international Lesbians and neurotics, whom he comes to respect, just as he respects their male counterparts, the ferocious pansies and sponging artists:

> ... he had grown to like the troglodytes, these fierce, unfashionable expatriates. What was fine in them, their refusal to conform, their independence, their moral courage was their own; what was weak, their instability, hopelessness, and pre-

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datory friendships was the result of a system: of the clumsy, capitalist world that exalts money-making and poisons leisure, that suppresses talent, starves its artists, and persecutes its sexual dissenters, that denies opportunity, infects charity, and encourages only the vulgarity of competition, the triumphs, the suspicion, the heartbreak of the acquisitive life.

This putting of all the blame on capitalism dates the book almost as much as the shocked references to lip-stick date *The Gilded Caravan*. Connolly doesn't state clearly, and perhaps doesn't fully realise, that Naylor could not have had the experience or continued with it but for his private income, which is a by-product of capitalism. Anyone who consents to live on a private income, *ipso facto*, accepts the capitalist system. Also, Connolly owes a lot, I imagine, to Norman Douglas and Aldous Huxley. Nevertheless, *The Rock Pool* remains a genuine work through its uncompromising presentation of moral collapse as a possible form of enlightenment and its excellent description of the Northerner's love-hatred of the Mediterranean coast:

> The taxi took them along by the sea margin; a belated cicada chirred in a dusty pine; scattered uncomfortable villas gave way to broken rocks; the woods of the cape, spotted with hoardings, came down to the inhospitable beaches, filling the air with the scent of resin, and a shameless chocolate box sunset disfigured the west. The intolerable melancholy, the dinginess, the corruption of that tainted inland sea overcame him. He felt the breath of centuries of wickedness and disillusion; how many civilisations had staled on that bright promontory! Sterile Phoenicians, commercial-minded Greeks, destructive Arabs, Catalans, Genoese, hysterical Russians, decayed English, drunken Americans, had mingled with the autochthonous gangsters—everything that was vulgar, acquisitive, piratical, and decadent in capitalism had united there, crooks, gigolos, gold-diggers, and captains of industry through twenty-five centuries had sprayed their cupidity and bad taste over it. As the enormous red sun sank in the purple sea (the great lakes, the tideless cloaca of the ancient world) the pathos of accumulated materialism, the Latin hopelessness seemed almost to rise up and hit him....

This is only one mood. There is another:

> The last expatriate! *Ultimus Romanorum!* And, besides, he loved this country. He began to be aware that the climate was not one of uniform sunshine, not merely lotophagous, but a succession of bright days and rainy calms, of exhilarating gales, before the wet and windy elegiacs of autumn subsided into winter, a winter already implicit with spring....*

The idea that the South of France is synonymous with emancipation emerges in French for the first time, and in a rather different form fourteen years later, in *Le Grand Dadais*. Alain Quesnard, the young delinquent hero, drives down with his girl-friend in the summer to enjoy a neo-pagan abandon, which is nearer to the thoughtless ramblings of the characters in Petronius's *Satyricon* than to the earnest, Romantic self-questionings of *The Rock Pool*. Poirot-Delpech attempts the first extended description I have seen of the modern French atmosphere on the Côte d'Azur:

> As the road descends towards the bays through landscapes reminiscent of Latin unseens, clothes are discarded, together with all feelings of shame. There follow each other, in slow procession, Scandinavians in shorts, gently roasted Belgians, and dazzled Parisians. The magic names of Juan and Menton, which before the war occurred only in the titles of frivolous novels about high-life, can be contemplated through the most modest windscreens. Blue water and sunburn are no longer privileges restricted to princes and heroes.
>
> Henceforth, the only barriers between the visiting tourists are those of age. It is as if, just beyond Aix, some delicate instrument directed holiday-makers to different destinations, according to the youthfulness of their features and the size of their cars. The oldest make for the Eastern end of the road-map, for the big hôtels, which are a favourite starting-point for excursions into Italy. Those in their forties go down to Cannes, with an urge for spectacular spending. The thirty-year-olds look for Bohemian sensations in the little back streets of St. Tropez. As for the young, they can't wait and, in order to bathe before anyone else, dash down to Le Lavandou and sleep in tents, surrounded by thousands of their kind.
>
> At night, as in the castles of the Middle Ages, the thirst for fun prompts people to move from one level to another. The middle-aged drive West, in a twenty-horse-powered zoom, to see what new eccentricities the young have invented for the adornment of their desires, while the latter, at great expense, go East of the Esterel

* It is interesting to see that Naylor is only really reconciled to the country when the weather breaks. This proves, I think, that he is not completely emancipated and likes the literary idea of the Mediterranean more than the geographical reality. Owing to the Puritanical residue, continuous fine weather tends to produce a feeling of guilt in the Englishman. Oh to be in England under penitential rain. It is perhaps surprising that so many 19th-century English spinsters were able to stand the wickedness of winter sunshine.

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for an evening to enjoy the illusion of spacious living.

Sometimes, adds Poirot-Delpech, a bald elder captures a golden girl or a handsome young head comes to rest on a mature and well-to-do bosom. But perhaps not as often as one might expect; the old may not be looking for sex so much as simply fighting against age:

> The sun, as it hardens faces, conceals the marks of time and seems to hold death at bay. Can one imagine a sun-tanned corpse?

HAVING sown his wild oats among the olives and the palm trees rather more extravagantly than he had been able to do in Paris, Poirot-Delpech's hero eventually repents of his sins and prepares for reintegration into the petty-bourgeois world. It is difficult to say what proportion of young French people now feel that the South is a place where they can improvise their own Saturnalia. The newspapers contain items about imitation James Deans and Marlon Brandos fighting each other and creating havoc in the *dancings* and night-clubs frequented by the imitation Bardots and Lolitas. The only signs of violence I saw were the strongly traditional altercations between bus-drivers and motorists. Generally speaking, the atmosphere among both young and old appears to be one of unobtrusive emancipation, of matter-of-fact acceptance of the body and quiet communion with the sun. In addition to the usual French family groups, from grandma bulging in her bikini to the tiny tots floating on their li-los in two's and three's like halcyon nestlings, there are scores of young apparently unmarried couples on holiday together, who behave with perfect decorum and seem to drink only beer or milk.

It is these people whose future mentality poses an interesting problem. They are the first generation to grow up outside the old restraints. Owing to the exiguity of bathing costumes, they are, to all intents and purposes, nude. The peasant woman on the hillside a mile away is still wearing her black dress and hat, while along the shore there has been a return to something like the Simplicity of the Golden Age. You still hear people joking about this as a rather hideous spectacle. Perhaps it was in the 1930's, when Connolly's Naylor referred savagely to the ugliness of the masculine figures on the beach at Antibes. Even in a recent, sophisticated French documentary film on the Riviera, *"Du Côté de la Côte,"* the emphasis is on the unsightliness of perspiring flesh. I find this embarrassment difficult to understand. It is clear that the vast majority of the people on the beaches are quite acclimatised to the sun, and the young are so shapely that, after the first shock of surprise, you begin to accept beauty as the norm for the human body as for the landscape. They may be crowded together like nesting gulls on a rock but they also have the sleekness and grace of natural creatures. True, their young faces are usually too hard and knowing to be beautiful in expression; it is their general physical poise which is undeniable. They eat the best food in the world and, for the last ten or fifteen years, have been taking full advantage of the best climate, because they carry over, as far as possible, into their ordinary life the habits they acquire while on holiday in the Southern sun. In spite of what Poirot-Delpech says about discarding all sense of shame, they display no need to make public demonstrations. Perhaps they did a few years ago and have now got over that. For instance, the convention appears to be that lovers do not embrace on the beach, but only in restaurants, as they do in Paris. You overhear flirtatious conversations; you see the animated statue who looks after the pedal-boats being strenuously approached by the middle-aged pseudo-blonde; and there is one surprising gesture—men and boys will reflectively stroke their genitals as they change position or stand gazing out to sea. Apart from this, there is no obvious sign of change except the nakedness and the apparent freedom of relationships.

YET something must have altered. The French cannot have gone out *en masse* to meet the sun, while still retaining that shut-in, introspective atmosphere that was so characteristic of their middle class only a generation or two ago. How comprehensible are the novels of Mauriac or Bernanos or Julien Green or even Montherlant and Gide to these young people, if they bother to read them? Colette presumably they would understand, although she might seem to be labouring the obvious. Admittedly, there are lots of holy medals around young necks, but nothing is so becoming as a gold chain on a bronzed skin. The tune of religious belief must be rather different from what it was. When you see the very occasional passing priest or nun keeping well back from the beach,

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you wonder if the Riviera may not be nourishing—after the idle expatriates, after the half-tragic Bohemians—a fresh race of self-possessed, modernised, neo-pagan materialists? We know what political problems they have to face. We have yet to see what ultimate flaw they will find in the great diamond, to give themselves a soul.

One Swallow . . .

The Great White North American swallow,
Rarely away from his lofty nest,
Suddenly starts on a solo flight.
Common swallows of Europe follow,
Straining and scrambling to keep abreast
Till all arrive at the summit height.

Not decoyed by communications,
Guided only by instinct sure
They change direction without debate,
Leaving old routes of bird-migrations
For a wandering, whirlwind, circular tour—
The summit is coming—the summit is late!

The wide-winged leader could beat them hollow,
Vanish in regions beyond their view;
The lower ranges he might forsake,
With the Great White Warbling Siberian swallow
Soar to a separate rendezvous . . .
One swallow can never a summit make.

The Great White species is non-gregarious,
Strongly addicted to cloud-capped peaks,
For which alone or in pairs they search;
The common orders, with hold precarious
Hanging on by the skin of their beaks,
Clamour for summits where all can perch.

With flapping pinion and ruffled feather
The followers straggle but dare not flag
Lest the Great White swallow should disappear:
And not till they all touch down together
On the dizziest height and the topmost crag,
Will they twitter in chorus, "The summit is here!"

Olga Katzin

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George Mikes

A Day at the Races

Our Man at Ascot

ON boarding our coach for Ascot in the forecourt of St. Pancras Station, I was relieved to see that we were having nothing worse in our midst in the way of headgear than a couple of bowlers and three ladies wearing charming and preposterous confections. The conversation during the two hours' trip concentrated around three main topics: (1) Would there or would there not be a royal drive along the course? Some people maintained there would on this second day although there had not been one the day before; others, however, remarked thoughtfully that it would be very noble and self-sacrificing on the Queen's part to come at all and she could not really be expected to drive along the course one day before leaving for Canada. Division of opinion was, if not sharp, firm and unyielding. (2) A number of people questioned our guide anxiously to find out which was the best spot to see the Queen and members of the royal family. No one enquired after the best spot to see the race. (Such spots—I found out soon enough—were few and far between.) (3) An Australian lady (the majority of our party was made up of visitors from the Commonwealth) asked me whether I, too, hoped that the Queen's horse would win. Would it not be a simply marvellous inauguration of her tour if it did? I told the Australian lady that I failed to see any clear connection between the placing of the horse and the success of the royal tour. Besides, I added, while I was as loyal a subject of Her Majesty as the next man, I could not care less whether her horse came in first or last. After that I was ostracised by everybody except my companion and we spent the rest of the journey in splendid isolation.

As we came on to the race course, a huge, red-faced policeman informed us that cameras of all sorts were forbidden on the course and directed us to deposit ours for safe keeping in a shed on the right. I asked why this prohibition was not made public. The policeman smiled and replied courteously that practically everyone knew about it. I explained that as I had never been at Ascot —or indeed at any other horse race—before, I did not know about it; furthermore, the fact that the shed was already full of cameras three hours before the first race was due to begin, rather disproved his contention. The policeman went on smiling extremely courteously. I asked the young man in charge of the temporarily confiscated cameras why they did not put a clear statement on tickets, programmes, etc., so as to spare people the bother of taking their bulky and useless equipment for a joy-ride. He admitted that I had something there. Later a steward, replying to the same question, praised me heartily and said that it was a very good suggestion. I asked whether such a procedure would be adopted in the future and he said it was unlikely. I asked another steward what the actual reason was for this ban on photographs. Was there any copyright problem involved? No —he informed me—but Ascot was the only place where the Queen moved around quite freely among her subjects. I could not follow his logic. It seemed to me that this could rather be an extra reason for permitting people to take pictures. No, he replied, because if photographing was allowed, people would keep on clicking cameras right into the Queen's face. I pointed out that most people have decent manners; besides I had never noticed that people were discouraged from gaping at the Queen. Was

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gaping with camera-eyes so much worse than gaping with human eyes? Before he could reply, I gave him the point, admitting that human eyes, at least, did not click, but, I went on, was it quite fair to deprive many thousands of people of their pleasure to save one lady from real or imaginary discomfort—preventable, in any case, by other simple methods? As this question sounded dangerously like a suggestion that the Queen was a human being among others, the official turned away from me in disgust.

We walked around and were impressed by the beauty, the splendour, and the incredible discomfort of the place. The seats are hard, uncomfortable, and insufficient in number; shade is almost non-existent for ordinary mortals; and there are few places from where you can see properly. We climbed up to a clock where we had a fairly good view (though hardly any shade), but space was limited up there, too, and many people must jib at climbing the innumerable iron stairs. A few days later, when I was listening in to a radio commentary from Ascot, the commentator—who, presumably, had one of the finest spots available—informed us that he was extremely sorry, but all the horses were out of sight. We all hoped that they would soon return.

SUCH is the Mecca of British racing to which people flock in their thousands and tens of thousands. But these people are quite right, of course, and I, in my ignorance, was wrong. Ascot is, no doubt, rather a poor place for watching races, but who on earth goes there because he is interested in races? Perhaps, roughly speaking, 0·001 per cent of the visitors. My heart is with those who are not interested in horse-racing because I agree (unlike the Queen who undoubtedly belongs to the small, genuinely interested minority) with an ancient Shah of Persia, who declared that he was perfectly aware that one horse could run faster than another and he cared precious little *which*. People breed horses to run faster and faster for no conceivable practical reason since the regrettable decline of cavalry. Experience shows that the faster a horse runs, the faster, ultimately, people lose money on it. I know little about Ascot and its surroundings as a breeding-ground for horses; but as a breeding-ground of snobbery and social climbing it is second to none. I felt that I was watching a curious dead, extinct animal, carefully preserved in surgical spirit.

As you walk about and study your surroundings, you notice that everything and everybody has its, his, or her place, category, and pigeonhole. The bookmakers and totalisators are divided into those working in respectable offices behind glass windows and those standing behind shaky little tables in the open. Then opposite us, on the other side of the course and behind a fence, were the public places for the *profanum vulgus*, also known as the common men—whose century this is supposed to be. Ascot Heath itself is free to all; admission to the betting enclosures is two shillings. On our side admission was £2—so ours was a different world. But here again there were the simple roamers like ourselves, with seats "whenever available," and there were the truly distinguished people in private boxes—people, I believe, who hire houses in the neighbourhood, arrange those famous house-parties, and regret that King Edward VII can no longer be invited; yet others again are in the Royal Enclosure around the Royal Box—yet carefully divided from it. People are not simply invited into the Royal Enclosure: they have to try to get themselves invited. Every year, a few months before the Ascot meeting, an advertisement appears in *The Times* inviting applications for invitations, and then the scramble of Top People begins. Applications pour in from retired army officers; their equivalents from the civil service; manufacturers and traders who have managed to buy a knighthood or are just saving up for one; parents of girls who would be presented at court if such things still existed. The young men are those whose great ambition is to dance once in their lives with Princess Margaret; the majority of these people have had their photographs published, on one occasion or another, in the *Tatler*, or have just narrowly missed that distinction. Applications for the Royal Enclosure are not too carefully sifted. Unless one turns out to be working-class, criminal, or divorced, they are granted. Once the "invitation" is received, the guests, of course, have to pay the proper fees for admission.

On the great occasion, ladies attire themselves in new Ascot outfits for each day of the meeting. I found their dresses (on the whole) dull, but their hats magnificent. I yield to no one in my admiration of English women, but skirt and blouse or a simple dress suits them incomparably better than these feeble efforts to

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imitate the French. The men don morning coat and top hat, adopt a supercilious or shy grimace, and affix a white tag to their lapels. The tag (ladies have to wear one, too) entitles them to enter the Royal Enclosure, but it is also a distinguishing mark which sets them apart from the common breed of humanity.

Whenever I see people in top hats, I expect either a coffin to turn up or else knights in armour with lance and shield. Top hats look like very sensible containers, suitable for holding almost everything with the exception of the human head. In the sticky heat, each topper contains its own torture, as it cannot be much more comfortable than a guardsman's bearskin. To-day, however, English society cannot get away from the top hat. Not so long ago the motor car and foreign travel—preferably cruises on the Mediterranean or Caribbean—were the symbols of social position and affluence. To-day even people at Ascot Heath arrive in their own motor cars, unless, of course, they do not arrive at all because they happen to be touring the Riviera or the Costa Brava. So what is a rich and childishly snobbish society to do?—a society in which there is money galore and the only breathtaking excitement is provided not by Foreign Ministers' or Summit Conferences or the Damocles Bomb suspended overhead, not even by crime and sex, but by money, money, and money only—by take-over bids, shares rising and falling, diamond tiaras and old masterpieces sold at record figures (while new masterpieces are ignored or ridiculed). To-day if you want to be somebody, you must possess a yacht and a few race-horses. These are minimum requirements. And you must keep your top hat, too. It is the symbol of an old social class which still has it as well as the upstart new class which has already acquired it. The ex-rich are coming down the slope with stiff upper lips; the new ones are going up perspiring and panting. As they pass each other, they do not raise their top hats to one another in friendly greeting.

On the race-course everyone is frantically busy all the time. For about a minute or two—as long as the actual race lasts—the stands are chock-full, but as soon as the race is over, people dash to collect their winnings, if any, go to the winners' enclosure, and—first and foremost—rush to the paddock and from there they rush on to place their new bets. Their purpose in visiting the paddock is to catch a last glimpse of the runners before risking their money. Real experts, of course, know all about the horses, their ancestors, history, trainer, form, idiosyncrasies, etc.; nonetheless, they want to see how they behave just when the race is about to start and whether they are not too nervous or shy. Others want to see if a horse does or does not wear a sheepskin mouth strap or blinkers, others again choose their horses according to sudden fancy or intuition, by the colour of the jockey's eyes, or simply by the horse's name. (The horse-naming industry, by the way, must be sorely tried: from simple names like *Adam Bede*, or *René*, they have advanced to the over-elaborate, like *Godiva's Pink Flower*; the facetious, like *Adults Only*, *Snakes and Ladders*, *Pardonnez-moi*; to the surrealist, like *Kaffirboom*; and the plain silly, like *Vacant Possession*, *Yorkshire Terrier*, or *Zip-goes-a-million*.) Betting and gambling, of course, is the object of the whole exercise. I bought myself five papers (*Sporting Life*, *Ascot Naps*, *The Racehorse*, *The Winner*, and *Sporting Chronicle*), learned which horses were the favourites, and was warned several times that the favourites were not certain to win. I studied the various tips and all the data about prospective winners, looked at the excited queue in front of the tote windows, and decided not to bet at all. Queue up in the scorching sun to lose my money, or—God forbid!—to win and be compelled to queue up once again to collect my winnings . . . ?

Immense sums were staked. The huge electrically operated boards of the totalisators—changing every second—informed us that for the Royal Hunt Cup at 3:45 nearly £600,000 was staked in a very short time—£200,000 of this on the Queen's horse, *Pall Mall*, the favourite, which did not win after all. And all this money was staked in about half an hour at Ascot alone—not counting, however, the bets on the daily doubles and trebles, nor the vast sums placed with bookmakers in London and all over the country—indeed, not counting bookmakers at Ascot. I watched people in the Royal Enclosure walking to the edge of their compound to place their bets with bookmakers and totalisators in attendance. As even their betting must be distinguishable from the ordinary vulgar betting of the rabble outside, they have to bet on credit: no money must pass. This system is more dignified; the greed is the same.

But they, too, leave their enclosure and go to

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bet in the ordinary way. They, too, take part in the wild rush from stands to tote, from tote to paddock, from paddock back to tote, from tote back to the stand, from the stand to the winners' enclosure, from the winners to the overcrowded, drab champagne bar with its hand-to-hand fighting and miserable service, and from there—and from everywhere, all the time—back to the tote. People, I thought, ran considerably more in the course of an afternoon than the horses. But they, at least, know what they are after. The horses don't. Why do those beautiful and intelligent animals oblige by exerting themselves? During each race I half expected an elderly wise horse to stop at mid-course, and shake his head, implying perhaps: "This whole silly business is utterly pointless as far as I am concerned. I never bet. I am never invited into the Royal Enclosure. I can never wear a top hat. I am not even interested in horse-breeding—not in the same manner as you are, anyway . . . I get nothing out of it. Why should I run about in this blazing sun? No, sorry—I won't run. I'll stroll. . . ."

But the horses disappointed me so I turned away from the whole thing and sought solitude. That was easy to find: I dashed up to the stands as soon as a race was over and hurried down to the paddock as soon as another race started. And I watched, whenever I could, the tic-tac men. Here was a clan near to my heart. They stand at the most conspicuous, strategic points in their red, orange, and yellow shirts, passing on information from Tattersalls to other tic-tac men and vice versa, with strange, mysterious signs and signals: touching their noses, turning their outstretched hands in and out, beating their chests, and placing their open palms on the top of their heads. A mistake by one of them may cost his employer thousands of pounds. Their activities hardly resembled normal business activities, their notions looked like a wild ritual dance of deaf-and-dumb tribesmen. The tic-tac men in their strange attire and peculiar behaviour were the spiritual brothers of the top-hatted tribesmen—but their fancy dresses and fancy behaviour had, at least, some practical meaning. Or was it possible, I wondered, that the tic-tac men were including all sorts of observations and maxims in their mysterious messages, such as: "Gambling and fashion shows are all right, but couldn't it all be done much more simply, getting rid of all this paraphernalia and leaving the poor innocent horses out of it?"

WHEN it was all over, I still had time before my coach left. The public places were full of litter, knee-deep: newspapers, ice-cream wrappers, empty beer and coca-cola bottles. Litter at the £2 enclosures was ankle-deep only and consisted exclusively of torn-up betting tickets. Different classes, different litter. I walked out to the car parks and there discovered a pleasant and pretty general habit. People were sitting round their cars in the parking-lots and picnicking. Sitting there on rugs or on the grass, beside their Rolls Royces or small sports things—the ladies with their shoes and their ornate hats off, the men in striped trousers and shirt-sleeves, their waistcoats unbuttoned and their top hats on the grass: they all looked almost human again. I had a vague but inescapable impression that we all belong to the same species after all.

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Friedrich Sieburg

Elephants for Everybody

THE tourist industry makes extraordinary demands on its representatives. They have to extract the greatest possible sums from the paying customers and at the same time give them the impression of having been invited to it all. Systematic exploitation with a veneer of sweet hospitality—this has been developed by the Swiss to a fine art; but the French have scarcely the patience to perform this humane comedy for their visitors.

Perhaps one should not expect to find virtues of this kind in a time of boom and business. Almost all hotels are overcrowded, all spas booked up for months in advance; how can the visitor really count on being met with a touch of personal attention? All over Europe travellers are in fact meeting with less and less simple courtesy.

This is, of course, partly due to the sheer contemporary massiveness of the travelling public. The human cargoes discharged on hotel steps for their nine-hour sojourns (overnight included) guarantee the *hoteliers* the advantage of being able to make exact seasonal calculations, but hardly the chance to embrace each guest as he arrives. The traveller as an individual is slowly becoming an oddity whose wishes seem like moody whims and whose requests strike an anti-social note. He may happen to dine at the next table to a *Reisegesellschaft* which enjoys in every way the same privileges as he—but for only a quarter of the price. With the fare of a normal flight from, say, Stuttgart to Palma, one can nowadays, if one joins a group, fly to the same place and spend two weeks in a first-class hotel there. Who *are* the eccentrics who will still travel at normal rates (and in fact spend twice the time travelling, because of landings and delays en route)?

There is a contradiction here, the familiar conflict of our time between statism and free competition. For it would of course be more convenient if the whole industry, including all the air, sea, and rail transport companies, could conscript their subjects like recruits. This would ensure almost error-free planning and a most rational use of plant and equipment. Alas, there still happens to be something capricious and carefree about travel. This probably means that some time will elapse before the tourist traffic develops wholly according to the plans and necessities of the European hotel industry and the other interested branches. For the time being, the conflict between the collective and the individual continues to smoulder, and it obviously affects current conditions of travel rather adversely. Praiseworthy attempts are made to improve these conditions; but the desired effect is not quite achieved by putting up placards (and I have seen a few) about "HIS MAJESTY THE GUEST." No, the guest ceased long ago to be the real centre of interest. In most cases the whole organisation of tourism thunders mercilessly over him on its way. He has been left in no doubt; it is not his comfort which matters, but the faultless efficiency of the whole apparatus.

WHAT of the Germans? What makes my countrymen choose the most rest-

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less, strenuous, and expensive way of refreshing himself? I suppose there exists a sort of need to make up for lost time. There are the memories of closed frontiers only ten and fifteen years ago, and there is also a secret fear that the chance to see the world and to move freely about in it may not last for long. Both the German traveller and the German tourist industry are in something of a desperate hurry; and so both tend to go all-out. There is a lot of work to be done if a medium-sized Rhineland town, previously without attractions and half-destroyed by the war, is to be equipped with "places of interest" so that plenty of *Übernachtungen* and *Belegte Betten* can be reported. Congresses and Trade Fairs help a little. Their dates are fixed and they can play their part in excluding the authentic visitor for months on end. A city like Frankfurt is, for several substantial periods each year, devoid of even the most modest accommodation because all the available space is filled by visitors to various *Messe* (or, more precisely, by the firms that are interested in these trade fairs and business conferences).

Such institutions are multiplying, but there are still other towns which have to rely on "places of interest" and similar old-fashioned attractions in order to tap at least a few trickles off the major stream of tourism. In such cases there is a chance to institute *Festpiele*, linked either with nothing or with some vague past event in local history. If a town has an elderbush, then the temptation to give an annual open-air performance of Kleist's *Das Käthchen von Heilbronn* is quite irresistible. One or two narrow streets opening on to a market-place—this is surely enough to recall the few street-scenes in Goethe's *Egmont*. (What is to become of the interiors in which the most important scenes are played? That is a problem which the open-air audience can sort out later.) The state of inspiration to which the façades of old German churches dispose our town councils is notorious: mediæval fountains seem almost to be the decoration for car-parks, and ancient Madonnas in their niches are never too far from refreshment centres. The restoration of ancient monuments (sometimes not justifiable on either artistic or historical grounds) is ultimately and triumphantly vindicated if it concerns "places of interest" and thereby raises the score of the overnight slept-in beds.

DISREGARD economics, and you may find the exploitation of both nature and architecture as tourist lures as something between barbarism and madness. But city-elders demonstrate so easily what profits are extracted when the traveller is transformed into a consumer. There were many tradition-conscious protests a few years ago when a charming German university town became a motor-bicycle racecourse, and the infernal machines roared for twelve hours through the narrow streets. But the protests subsided as soon as the sales figures for candies, beer, and sausages were published. We must be prudent. What seemed like madness is really service for the consumer. And so for the sake of a profitable return, say 6 per cent on investment, everything—that is, every feeling for tradition, every genuine or well-patched testimony of the past, every lovingly preserved adornment or treasure—is slowly, surely, handed over to the tourist industry. Even bits of places distinguished by nothing at all now "increase available bed-space" by pointing to their "green surroundings," their "good air," or their "well-situated position on a river." The consumers must come, if only to consume Coca-Cola and ice-cream. Who is there still so sentimental as to remember that each town and every square in Europe once had a special fragile dignity?

So does each community, proud centre of commerce and prosperity, have a life-and-death struggle on its hands, and dare we come with such unseasonable impractical considerations? The German *Kulturreferent* (it's all culture) is very stern about anti-social and half-seditious criticism. And one humorous writer turned completely grim when he tried to sum up the "travel season":

> In reality, travel narrows the mind of the tourist, robs him of his imagination, and con-

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firms disastrously his sense of superiority. In addition to that, it poisons the soul of the natives, spoils their natural temperament, and destroys morale and morality through mad pursuit of profit. . . .

THE Germans, once famed for devotion to hard work, are now devoted with equal single-mindedeness to the taking of holidays. Much the same kind of effort, ingenuity, and organisational skill are at work to satisfy needs and guide impulses without waste of means or time. Rest is our need, but restless is the way in which we argue how and where to spend the holidays. The worry is becoming increasingly superfluous, for modern society is quite capable of organising all our time for us. If, like birds out of a nest, we seem to be in danger of falling out of the production-process for even a few weeks, there are equipment and apparatus waiting to catch us. Our routes may be different, but all have been surveyed and all are provided for. Relax, countrymen!

What a strange fate awaits those who are trapped by children or other domestic ties. They are compelled to give their holidays an antiquated form and simply arrange for fresh air, minimum effort, minimum cost, and probably remain confined to a meadow or the shade of a forest, missing so much, that ten-day bus ride along the *Costa Brava*, or six days on other open roads, twelve hours a day at the wheel. Isn't it too much to expect a contemporary to go off walking on his own or simply to idle around in a village he knows? It is certainly unreasonable to demand that the system should let this man off. No man should break away or stride off alone into the world, *"mit Stock und Hut,"* like Hans in the fairytale, or sit under an old linden tree in the shade and gaze into the distance.

Leisure, "free time," is the great topic in so many of the controversies in the West. It would seem that we have arrived at the gate of a paradise where every man can at last lie down in comfort, can dream and can play according to the most personal desires of his nature. Just a bit further still, and we'll be there. But of course there is no such gate. And who will escape from the everyday humdrum when the sphere of a holiday begins to become part of the whole economic process, and the spirit of work infiltrates? On the first day of their holiday twenty million Germans enter the service of an industrial concern which is distinguished from the one they leave only by brighter exterior decorations.

Unless we insist energetically on personal caprice, we help to keep the great production machine going. The first sign of nonconformity marks out a man as anti-social, but one must, I suppose, accept this odium with humour if one wants to have a "do-it-yourself" fling of one's own. The phrase in German is *"Ferien machen,"* and anybody who really does *make* holidays is his own master; he is, for a few weeks, a man at play. But nothing challenges our civilisation more than a man at play, as if the purposelessness hinted at some disturbing dangerous freedom.

WE Germans have allowed "prestige" and modish curiosity to control our holidays, and we have been working our own doom. First it was Capri, then Majorca, now we are at Ibiza. But not for long. For people with travel fever are always afraid that there will be some smarter place round the corner, where all the really "exclusive" people go. "Exclusive"—for all its note of extreme limitation—has an occult attraction for crowds. Everybody wants to belong to the few. There is a hotel in Carinthia with only ten rooms; everybody wants to go there, so nobody has ever seen it. Near Nairobi, I am told, one can camp in the branches of a giant tree; bedrooms right to the top, every available bed occupied for the last nine years, not a living soul can get a booking there.

"Private travel is on the up and up," a German travel-agent told me recently. Can this really be so? But he was talking about travel to Africa. One can pay by instalments at home—including the fee for shooting an elephant. Unfortunately, it is very expensive

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(although "the tip for the rifle-carriers is included . . ."). But what we want is for everyone to hunt elephants. Elephants for everybody—isn't that what the age demands? Perhaps all the same we'll choose instead a "fourteen-day stay in a quiet Rhône-valley village, with driving lessons. Price 200 DM. includes lessons and fee for issue of licence. . . ." This trip, they say, is much in demand. Our *Sehnsucht* for peace and quiet makes no concessions, not even to out-of-the-way Rhône-valley villages.

"It has been another record year," I am told, "and German travel organisations look with every confidence to the future. . . ." We Germans love to be on the move; we work agitatedly all the year round (calmer, easier, lazier neighbours shudder); and when the holidays come we cross all frontiers carrying our technologism in our very own style. German tourist organisations can indeed look forward with confidence, for they will soon be able to "allocate scientifically," and so to distribute the *Bundesdeutschen* rationally among the world's scenic beauties. Those who still cannot manage to get away from themselves will soon learn that holidays are no joke and not to be taken lightly. Germany, perhaps, will lead Europe in the art and science of organising relaxation. All of us must come to pay our debts to the age for all its comforts and opportunities. Put individual impulses aside for now. We'll make it elephants for everybody yet.

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Luigi Barzini

On the Isle of Capri . . .

THERE are many Capris, of course; superimposed, like the impressions made by different inks in a colour reproduction, they form the ultimate and complete picture, which perhaps only the local gods can see. There is, first, the obscure and forgotten everyday home of the Capresi, who are born, live, and die here, as if it were a place of no special distinction, and who buy, sell, or inherit rocky olive groves, houses, or little vineyards, which—for others—are picturesque and poetic details in a divine landscape. Secondly, there is the Capri of the Neapolitans, who cross the bay on the white ferry boats with their children and grandparents to celebrate a feast day; for them it is more or less what Coney Island is for New Yorkers. (Capri, for the rest of the Italians, is a hard-to-reach and somewhat different summer resort, made more interesting by the presence of so many odd foreigners.) Then there is the Capri of travel-folders and all-inclusive tours. Baffled and tired tourists, dressed in nylon, dawdle a few hours between two boats, buy straw hats with the word *"Capri"* embroidered on the brim, mail blue-tinted post cards, and eat pizza. They are herded everywhere in a hurry; see little, as if in a trance; and are not interested in what they see anyway, as they only came to be able to say "I was there too." The Capri of the longer-staying tourists usually disappoints them. Why should it be so famous, they ask themselves; it is nothing like Cannes or Monte Carlo, has no row of palatial hotels on the waterfront, no Casino, no exclusive beach, no Sporting Club with gala *soirées*? Most of them leave with the vague suspicion of having been swindled. "If you ask me," I heard a disgruntled American business-man say recently, "I'd give it back to the Indians."

Finally, there is the most famous of them all, the Capri of madcap foreigners, odd types, exiles, refugees, and playboys of the Western World, morally displaced persons of all kinds, the Capri, in short, of literature and legend. It is the Capri (in order of no particular significance) of Axel Munthe, Maxim Gorki, Norman Douglas, Krupp von Bohlen, Count Fersen, V. I. Lenin, and Roger Peyrefitte. It is true it no longer flourishes as it did at the beginning of the century, and, to a lesser degree, between the two wars. Fewer people now feel the urge to escape from their own countries and those that do no longer seem as outlandish as they used to be. Still, the fame persists of an island sanctuary where time out from the hard games played in the rest of the world can be enjoyed. Many still think of this Capri, mostly fashioned by their desire and imagination, as a place where they can "find happiness," or, at least, the delight of enjoying an unusual kind of unhappiness, where life is miraculously free from laws, man is not his brother's keeper, all pleasures and pursuits which do not endanger life and property (and a few that do) are considered licit, or acceptable (or inevitable), because *nihil humanum* the Capresi *alienum putant.*

The one-day tourists and other foreign travellers usually dismiss their bizarre countrymen who settle in Capri (or live here long periods of the year) as misfits, failures, pansies, cranks, black sheep, etc. (Note that there are few Italians of their kind among them. The place does not suit them. They prefer Paris, as Modigliani did, or any other distant and alien land.) Such definitions are superficial. They merely describe the visible symptoms of a deeper malady. Who are (or were) these refugees? Why do they leave well-ordered lives at home, sometimes with the frenzy with which peasants flee from the scenes of war and

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massacre? What is there on the island that provides relief from anguish? "Odd" they undoubtedly are, but also unhappy and baffled. There are a goodly number of suicides among them every year. A few are rich and own (or rent) beautiful villas. Some are decorously well off. The majority are poor, with money enough not to go undernourished. Some are persons of taste and sensitivity. Others are as simple as peasants and like to live with peasants. Have they a characteristic in common? Aren't they all in love with themselves, persuaded of their personal superiority and of the superiority of their views, hurt by other people's disapproval, contempt, or persecution? Gorki escaped from the Okhrana; Norman Douglas the fate of Oscar Wilde; and Axel Munthe the sober judgment of the world's medical associations. Unable to demonstrate their divine right to fame, incapable of exacting admiration by producing authentic masterpieces, or enacting "great and noble deeds" (or effecting the humiliation or violent destruction of their enemies), they flee in search of (more or less) the same thing: a suitable shelter, a small stage on which to impersonate their favourite characters, an indulgent like-minded public who will listen and applaud in order to be listened to and applauded in turn, the kind of public one finds at the conventions of amateur magicians, a public of accomplices.

Obviously many places in the world possess (or possessed) some of the features necessary for this consoling *mise-en-scène*; few possess many. But only Capri seems to have them all, and, in addition, a number uniquely its own. At one time or another, in fact, such people gathered in Peking (before the war); in Ascona on the Swiss shore of Lake Maggiore; on the Left Bank; in Geneva in the 19th century; in Baron Corvo's Venice and in Florence; in Taormina, Taxco, and Taos. Inevitably, most of them drifted, in the end, to Capri; and they still come. Why?

THE first requirement is beauty. Not, however, any kind of beauty; only an unusual and haunting beauty (perceived only by sensitive souls). Strangely enough, it must be the glaring beauty which children, wide-eyed tourists, amateur photographers, and collectors of picture postcards recognise at first glance, the beauty that inspires Technicolor painters and sentimental ladies who are always moved to say, "If I could only reproduce this sunset, nobody would believe it's real...." In short, the place must be the obvious paradise of the dilettante æsthete. The second easily-satisfied requirement is relative isolation. The crowd wants to be alone. It must be difficult to reach but not too difficult, and possibly in contact with some great, lively, interesting city. Climate? Not too hot and not too cold, all the year round. This is important not only for the obvious comfort and the economies it affords; it also allows the shedding of Nordic clothes and habits, and the adoption of new, daring, primitive fashions. As those who tried it in Montparnasse in winter well know, it is discomfiting to be a sub-zero bohemian. The fourth requirement is: fame. A refuge must be well-established before one flees to it; one ought to be reasonably certain to find there a suitable number of sympathetic fellow refugees. Surely, it is imprudent to be a lone pioneer in such matters.

One of the decisive and more important requirements is history. This strikes out the great majority of places, for what hermitages in the Western world, Australia, Oceania, or, for that matter, Africa, can boast of an interesting and inspiring past? Even Gauguin's Tahiti paradise and R. L. Stevenson's Samoa—here surely was beauty, good climate, isolation, and paganism—could boast only of a meagre and scarcely documented past. The sense of history, of living on a stage echoing events, is necessary; it allows one to feel part of a century-old pageant, and to select, in a long and picturesque series of centuries, the period most soothing to one's restlessness. Once entrenched, one surrounds oneself with the suitable bric-à-brac.

"History," however, has another and more important meaning. The spot selected should have a long record of civilised living, should be a place where (I take the phrase from a travel folder) "time stood still." In other words it must be backward and decadent, not backward and primitive. Travellers must be able to feel themselves immersed in the graceful manners and habits of older days, admire the naïve peasant fiestas, enjoy the band concerts, or the fireworks, the folk-dancing, or the processions in honour of the patron saint. They must discover for themselves the quaint local dishes, the pleasant little wines, the homespun cloth, the wisdom, the local handicrafts, the bizarre superstitions. Such unspoiled places usually also boast of an ancient architectural style of

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their own, not to be found elsewhere, to which contemporary builders continue to conform (with only slight exaggerations) for purely commercial reasons. This adds to the illusion of being far from the everyday world. Such places are also, of course, inevitably poor, as poor, in fact, as the ancient world was. The native poverty, if it does not reach melodramatic extremities, undoubtedly enhances all pleasures. Foreigners are magically projected, on arrival, into a social and financial prominence unattainable for them at home; they become the object of many forms of respect and homage, for the natives' old-fashioned courtesies have become, in the course of time, distinctly servile. Their wages and hopes are so small that the foreign resident can afford to surround himself, often for the first time in his life, with cooks, gardeners, batmen, and boatmen, all apparently eager to please their master. Skilled craftsmen, masons, cabinet-makers, tailors are ready to satify his whims at a low price. He can also enjoy the occasional pleasure of being liberal and generous, protecting unfortunate and derelict persons, an attractive orphan or a handsome widow.

But, perhaps, this above all: foreign residents should never speak and understand the language of the natives—at least no more than what is strictly indispensable to get along. Everything, for them, must be veiled in a fog of incomprehensible sounds. The moment when the mutterings of the cook, the intrigues of the wine merchant, the squabble between servants, the confidences of local friends become crystal clear, the moment when the life of the village is no longer a strange and alien spectacle and the people in it become approximately understandable—this is the moment to pack and go. The feeling of having fled to the security of "a different world" is lost. This, fortunately, almost never happens. Such foreigners never permit themselves to learn the local language well enough, as if they instinctively felt the dangers of excessive familiarity. They usually limit their acquaintances to cooks, waiters, *concierges*, *épiciers*, *boulangers*, shopkeepers, a few multilingual snobs, and pimps. Are there, for instance, any other characters peopling most of the foreign memoirs of expatriate lives in Paris, after the first war? Did any of them have an idea of what was going on in France during the time, or what the French artists were up to, or who they were? Nineteenth-century travellers in Italy assiduously visited the same mediocre painters and sculptors, ignoring all the real personalities of the period.

IF THESE, then, are the requirements for an ideal shelter from harsh realities, it is obvious that Capri has them all. Beauty? Where else can one find so dramatic an island, surging from the sea like the double-humped back of a sea monster, as if designed by Gustave Doré himself and ready to be etched for Dante's *Inferno* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*? Here are sheer sugar loaf rocks emerging from deep blue waters, the celebrated Faraglioni. Here are multicoloured precipices, where contorted trees miraculously cling to overhanging walls of stone; idyllic vineyards and gardens, where barefooted and sunburned adolescents of both sexes, like fauns and nymphs, live the simple Arcadian life, happy to serve the *Signore* for but a few pennies. Here are flowers everywhere, bougainvillea covering southern walls with bishop-purple tapestries, wild roses among the Roman ruins, oleanders, pomegranates, and jasmin, all the evocative flowers for the Nordic traveller. Chalk-white peculiarly-designed houses are half-hidden in the green foliage, or assemble in the two main villages around the domes of the cathedrals. To walk in the quaint little streets, where only a donkey with his loads can pass, is endlessly pleasurable. All the twisted roads eventually end up in the Piazza, which has rightly been compared to a miniature Piazza San Marco: the two cafés facing each other, the campanile, the ancient houses hunched round, the Cathedral, and the opening to the sky and the sea at one side. It is a puppet theatre stage-setting. The public sits at the café tables, which leave only a narrow corridor in the middle through which everybody sooner or later is forced to pass. New characters appear dramatically from the wings or arrive from the *funicolare* station, with their new bizarre clothes, a dog on the leash or a monkey on the shoulder, and are immediately appraised by all the old residents and classified.

Nor, dear friend, dare you miss the island coastline. You go slowly, possibly on a boat rowed by two sailors. Motors go too fast, make too much noise, smell, and cannot give explanations. The boatmen will show you grottoes of all colours (besides the famous blue one), green, white, pink, and red. (The names are mere exaggerations of the real hues, which are delicate and shaded.) You will see secret

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coves and tiny beaches ("where lovers can bathe unseen"), rocky little islands, and you will look up precipices hundreds of feet high, like those from which Tiberius pushed his enemies. "He used to watch his victim thrown to the sea after prolonged and exquisite tortures," says Suetonius. "A party of sailors were stationed below, and when the bodies were hurtled down they whacked at them with oars and boat hooks, to make sure they were completely dead." Other views from the island's height are so famous as to be commonplace. The bay of Naples is unsurpassable (or try, if you must, the Bosphorus, Rio de Janeiro, or Hong Kong). It has a final, almost lethal, quality of its own, recognised from ancient times. It is a different landscape at all hours and seasons: mother-of-pearl pink and grey on sultry summery mornings, when the mainland vanishes in the distance; sombre and dramatic under the cobalt sky of a summer noon; silver grey, like a Channel view, the livid and purple sea whipped by rain, on stormy days. Or, at night, when Naples across the bay is nothing more than long beads of stars in the black velvet. This celebrated and mutable panorama, this beauty that is everywhere the eye comes to rest has always baffled painters, who were loving, devoted, enthusiastic, vulgar.

The climate is ideal. It is not as hot in summer as Milan, Paris, or London, not half as cold in winter. The same wardrobe can do for all seasons (with the addition of a cardigan and a raincoat when required). The legends that surround the island's remote past are remarkably rich and vague. Did not Ulysses sail by? Was this not the home of the Sirens? While many other places in the world can overshadow it in exact historical background, none can boast of a simpler and more fascinating past, empty of accurate and recorded facts, but rich in innuendo. The people are Phœnicians, Greeks, Byzantines, with a violent mixture of Saracen blood (for Saracens landed periodically and left visible traces in succeeding generations.) The few historians who have occupied themselves with Capri have been inaccurate and unreliable, but were useful to build the kind of atmosphere necessary for spiritual refuge.

Suetonius, of course, is their leader, and you cannot easily get away from him. Some of his sentences are now graven on stone tablets at suitable spots. He described the first of the villa-builders on Capri, Augustus, who, like some few in later centuries, preferred something small and inconspicuous—

> modest enough and less remarkable for its statuary and pictures than for its landscape gardening and the rare antiquities on display.... For example, at Capri he had collected the huge skeletons of extinct sea and land monsters popularly known as "giant bones" and the weapons of ancient heroes....

Capri's real patron saint, who built himself three, four, or five (some say twelve) villas, good for every weather and season, and enlarged Augustus' simple residence, was Tiberius. He went to live there in his old age.

> A few days after he came to Capri [says the historian, to illustrate the Emperor's fastidious but understandable dislike of being annoyed by peddlers], a fisherman suddenly intruded on his solitude by presenting him with an enormous mullet, which he had lugged up the trackless cliffs. Tiberius was so upset that he ordered his guards to rub the fisherman's face with the mullet. The scales skinned it raw and the poor fellow shouted in his agony: 'Thank Heaven, I did not bring Caesar that huge crab I also caught.' Tiberius sent for the crab and had it used in the same way.

The old Emperor, who was nicknamed "the goat" for his hairiness and lasciviousness, left dangerous precedents.

> He made himself a private sporting-house where sexual extravagances were practised for his secret pleasures.... He devised little nooks of lechery in the woods and glades and had boys and girls dressed up as Pans and nymphs posted in front of caverns, so that the island was now openly and generally called "Caprineum," because of his goatish antics. Some aspects of his criminal obscenity are almost too vile to discuss, much less believe. Imagine training little boys, whom he called his "minnows," to chase him under water while he went swimming and nibble him....

Students of such details can pursue the rest in Suetonius. Of course, the historian has been accused of having been no better than "a journalist," a "political pamphleteer," a "paid defamer" of the Emperor's character. Scholars have tried to prove that all his revelations were gross inventions. But the specialists' debate on Suetonius neatly divides the residents of Capri.

The natives, naturally, want to believe that Tiberius was a great statesman of impeccable character and Suetonius nothing but a corrupt and malicious liar. Tiberius is, after all, the most illustrious of all foreigners who built villas

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on the island, complete with swimming-pool and sheltered terraces for sun-bathing, thus starting a fashion which (after an unfortunate lapse of many centuries), has given jobs and relative prosperity to the Capresi. To him goes their reverent gratitude. One of the best hotels proudly bears his name (the *Tiberio Morgano*). If there were a Capri Chamber of Commerce it would undoubtedly celebrate the far-seeing virtues of the Founder and build him a bronze monument. In the people's thoughts he has become a kindly and beneficent grandfather figure, of whom it would be improper to speak ill.

The foreign residents, on the other hand, swear to the sober reliability of Suetonius, gentleman, scholar. They tenaciously cling to the horrible tales, the memory of the refined and cruel pastimes, and the goat-like lecheries of the hairy old Emperor, as examples from a happier era now unfortunately unattainable even by the richest and most reckless. But there is, for them, something rather heart-warming in the knowledge that such things were done not far from where they live, perhaps even on the exact spot where majestic ruins now rise among the dwarf pine trees. The place where "Villa Jovis" rose (the house Augustus built, which Tiberius enlarged and inhabited until the last few days of his life), is the goal of a pleasant late afternoon walk, a reverent pilgrimage, when the sun is no longer hot, after one's siesta and before an aperitif in the Piazza. The view from there is the same the Emperor and his victims enjoyed, a most romantic spot; the sun goes down into a blood-red sea.

ONCE Capri was mostly famous for the quails which landed on it in season, tired by their flight from Africa, which the natives easily captured and sold to the mainland. The local Bishop lived, somewhat precariously, on a percentage of the profits from the hunt. Only once the island became involved in world events when, during the Napoleonic wars, Hudson Lowe (later to be appointed Napoleon's jailer on another island) was its governor in the name of His Majesty Ferdinand IV of Bourbon Sicily, and his ally, the King of England. The place was easily stormed by Murat's Neapolitan army, who routed a few hundred Corsican defenders. It is one of the very rare instances of a Neapolitan victory. In the eighteen-twenties, second-rate German painters began re-discovering it. One of them, in fact, is credited with having re-entered the "Blue Grotto" for the first time in centuries, thus inaugurating the contemporary tourist traffic. The local inhabitants knew all along about the cave; they called it *Gradola*, but never visited it; they thought it filled with evil spirits. The wonders of its colours had never struck them as interesting or commercially useful. But their lives were to be changed, after centuries of courteous, resigned, civilised, hungry, miserable, and dangerous living. They are adaptable, capable, willing, industrious, skilled craftsmen. They are apparently still content with little money. They are diplomatic modifiers of truth, tactful flatterers, with a sure knowledge of human nature, its frailties, limitations, and its opportunities. Above all they have learned not to be surprised by anything. The famous Marchesa Casati, for instance, after the first world war, used to walk to the Piazza from Anacapri (she lived in "San Michele," Axel Munthe's famous villa, built, probably, on the spot of one of the lesser *dépendances* of Tiberius), covered with leopard skins, obviously naked underneath, with a live leopard on the leash and a peasant following her, holding aloft a large glass jar in which a rare oriental fish slowly swam. The *Capresi* looked at the scene as if it were nothing extraordinary and pitied the poor woman, for she was a foreigner. "Foreigner" means to them anybody not from their part of the world. All "foreigners" are, for them, somehow, slightly demented, literally outlandish, and mere children, when it came to the real matters in life, money, the purchase of land, enlarging and enriching one's family, the choice of suitable saints for help in various exigencies. They must be humoured, helped, kept out of jail, entertained, served in all their whims, and delicately exploited. Even under Fascism, when the new Italian Imperium looked forward to the defeat of despised and decadent foreign democracies, such people were welcomed and protected. Local policemen and carabinieri behaved more like the attendants at an expensive and private insane asylum than like the stern servants of a Spartan totalitarian State. (The island was then under the personal protection of the Dictator's daughter, Edda, the wife of Galeazzo Ciano, the Foreign Minister, who built a villa.)

To all these attractions, one last (and not the least) must be added; the island's "magic powers of rejuvenation." Sickly and tired people are said to become healthy and energetic. Healthy people are supposed to brim over with

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"It is closing time in the playgrounds of the West," Cyril Connolly decided a few years ago; as a matter of fact, there have never been more playgrounds on the Continent of Europe.

Swimming-pools and ski-lifts, sports stadia and tennis courts, sailing clubs and camping sites have been springing up everywhere in these years of the cold war; and the shiny rash of hotels, boarding-houses, night-clubs, and Espresso bars is spreading to the last "unspoilt" Mediterranean fishing village and Tyrolean mountain hamlet. During the holiday season, which has gradually expanded to two winter and three summer months, traffic over the Brenner Pass is literally slower than in Oxford Street, and large regions of the Continent, from the Costa Brava to the Blue Danube, witness an unprecedented mass-migration in search of new pastures for play.

The horsemen of these migrating tribes are the young Vespa and Lambretta riders, shooting in and out of the lines of staid family vehicles, mostly in pairs, often in hordes. The social transformation of the post-war years, which made the working classes for the first time appear as holiday-makers on the stage of history, seems to be the principal cause of this upheaval; second in importance is the generation of young people, roughly half as old as the century, for whom the ski-lifts and swimming-pools, the camping sites and Espresso bars cater.... The change is epitomised by the migration of the young from pubs, night-clubs, and bars to the Espresso and cafeteria; an all-European phenomenon which produced the Viennese quip of the "espressionist generation."

ARTHUR KOESTLER, OBSERVER, 16/8

I never seem to meet anyone who has been on holiday any more. They have always just been "abroad"—just for a spur-of-the-moment, quite-unpremeditated, few weeks in some spot which they personally have known and loved for years, long before plumbing, and policemen, and shark-nets, and DDT, and other English people began to ruin the atmosphere—but never "on holiday." When I was abroad last month, I suddenly realised why the phrase had become unfashionable. They are all suffering from the latest travel disease (psychosomatic, naturally) which in any one year has its victims in half the beds in any continental hotel. I call it Tourist's Angst. It is a gnawing suspicion that after all you've said you are still a tourist like every other tourist....

Then I know what homesickness means and where home really is. Home is the place where you don't look for local colour—you are it. Home is where you can walk around with an elaborate air of unconcern and be pointed out, or at the very least, photographed from coaches by Americans and Swedes. And it doesn't matter what you wear or how you look, you're a native native. You are a bit of old England and no damn tourist can take that away from you. Yet.

ALAN BRIEN, SPECTATOR, 31/7

A social historian might have noted an evolutionary decline in the Riviera male. His feet are no longer used for walking, but only to depress accelerators or shuffle through the cha cha cha. Long hours spent in low sports cars seemed to have given him a spinal slump. His flaccid hands may seem barely strong enough to steady a highball glass or stifle a yawn.

In contrast, the Riviera female is in the throes of full, Amazonian development. Her brightly-painted toes flicker through the nimble measures of the Charleston; her wrists grow strong beneath the weight of jangling bracelets; her long thighs are shaped to glued-on toreador slacks. She carries blithely a large basket laden with spare sets of false eyelashes, spare bandannas, waterproof mascara, lipstick brushes, eyelid pencils, bobby pins, suntan oils, combs, tweezers, compacts, cigarettes, stray hairs left by the cat. Atop her head is a brimmed straw-hat pulled over a voile scarf tied babushka-style, and she turns on the world the blind stare of dark glasses. She strides along confidently, her breasts thrown forward.

TIME, 2/9

There may be readers who do not know what baroque is all about, since there is so little of it, and of rococo even less, in our own country. They should take their next holiday in Germany, for a majority of these lovely buildings cluster—in almost equally lovely surroundings—within a hundred miles of Munich while the Würzburg area can be seen on the way there. How can people bear to go on aimlessly blistering on Mediterranean beaches when they have not seen the church of the Wies, the Tiepolo ceiling at Würzburg, or the staircase and grotto rooms of Pommersfelden?

CYRIL CONNOLLY, SUNDAY TIMES, 9/8

Venice is the world's largest museum, and at this time of the year its doors are flung wide open with a flourish and an outstretched palm. The Venetian summer rings with the squeak of the turnstile and the clang of the cash register. Its steamboats, deep in the water, glare with poly-

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chromatic cottons. Its quaysides burgeon with trinket stalls (brass gondolas, sailor shirts, feathery watercolours, and paperweights in the shape of the Campanile). There is a shop near St. Mark's so well adapted to every possible shift in the balance of payments that the homesick visitor may buy himself the flag of Yemen, the Ukraine, Bolivia, or even the United Nations. Huge and awful serenades lurch down the Grand Canal at night, booming stale arias. There is a queue for the lift to the top of the bell-tower....

In a normal recent year rather more than 700,000 foreigners came to Venice—about three times as many as the population of the city itself. Americans were the most numerous, followed by Germans, Frenchmen, Britons, Austrians, Swiss, Danes, Belgians, Dutchmen, Canadians, and (as one reference table tactfully puts it) Miscellanians.... There is an attendant at one of the garages who claims that long before he can see the registration plate on the back of the car he can tell the occupants' nationality by the look in the driver's eye. Last year nearly sixty-two million tickets were bought at the water-bus stations of Venice.

Venice is perhaps the supreme tourist attraction of the whole world. She lives for flattery, and peers back at her admirers with a greenish and heavy-lidded eye. Through her loose gilded mesh there passes a cross-section of the world's spawn, and it is one of the pleasures of Venice to sit in the great Piazza, order an atrociously expensive coffee, and watch the sea-monsters go by. Germans seem to predominate, for they move in regiments, talk rather loud, push rather hard, and seem to have no particular faces, merging heavily into a jolly sunburnt Volkswagen mass. The Americans are either flamboyant to the point of eccentricity, in crimson silk, or gently unobtrusive, in drip-dry cotton: the one kind sitting studiously in a trattoria, with its well-behaved children, its large-scale map, and its paper-back Berenson; the other vigorously décolletée, violently made-up, and slightly drunk, at a corner table in Harry's Bar.

The British seem to me to provide the best of the men (often distinguished, frequently spare, sometimes agreeably individualist) and the worst of the women (ill-tempered, hair unwashed, clothes ill-fitting, snobby, or embarrassingly flirtatious). The French are almost all delightful, whether they are scholarly elderly men with multi-volumed guide-books or students of Existentialist sympathies with purple eyelids and no lipstick. The Japanese are almost obliterated by their mountainous festoons of photographic equipment. The Indians are marvellously fragile, exquisite, and aloof. The Yugoslavs seem a bit dazed (and are said by gondoliers to be the meanest visitors of all). The Australians are unmistakable. The Canadians are indistinguishable. The Russians no longer come (their old consulate is a pension). The Chinese have not arrived yet....

JAMES MORRIS, GUARDIAN, 7/7

To begin at the beginning: DON'T GO TO ENGLAND. *They're in a real mess there. It rains all the time, especially upon the Rolls-Royces which stand listlessly, three deep in the traffic blocks. And people—even normally decent folk—are getting far too talkative; you can't spend two hours in a railway carriage without some pushful fellow saying "Nice weather" and rattling his newspaper at you. Hereditary peers, long-time champions of the monarchy, now turn around and snap at its ankles, like curs or weasels. Mr. Khrushchev actually stayed at Claridge's, on the very next floor. The British seem to have lost their heads altogether.*

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 7/59

The Polar Regions are numinous places which our imaginations worship with religious awe so that any scrap of information about them fascinates us. In this matter every reader has his own idiosyncrasies. To me, for example, the Arctic, and anywhere that lies to my north, is sacred, but the Antarctic is not (though Cape Horn, somehow, is). I may rationalise this preference by telling myself that a land inhabited by Eskimos must be more interesting than a land inhabited by penguins, but I know quite well this is not my real reason which lies hidden from me in my subconscious like my reason for being fascinated by the Gobi desert but bored by the Sahara....

The history of polar exploration divides into five epochs, the Ages of Conjecture, the Vikings, the Merchant Adventurers, the Navy, and lastly the Age of Attainment. With the establishment of permanent air-bases, a Sixth Age, the Age of Exploitation, has already begun. The prospect, even if we assume that all the political problems are peacefully and justly solved, is unalluring. THE NORTHERN LIGHTS HOTEL, THE IGLOO SNACK-BAR, THE SOUTHERN CROSS NIGHT-CLUB; *aeroplanes named* THE WILLIAM BARENTS, THE EDGAR CHRISTIAN, THE GINO WATKINS; *organised bear-hunting expeditions. For the Polar addict the only consolation is the hope that, at our present rate of progress, in fifty years time we shall be ruining the moon and both Poles will have become madly unfashionable....*

W. H. AUDEN, STATESMAN, 19/3

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unspent animal vigour. Middle-aged people watch their skins daily become "smoother" and their eyes are reputed to shine again with mischievousness as their flabby bodies become rounder and fuller. Dyspeptics abandon their diets and harmlessly take to lobsters with spicy sauces, spaghetti with red peppers, pizza at all hours, all washed down with ice-cold white wine. Such is the electric quality of the air; no sleep is necessary; a siesta suffices. Small wonder that residents find the time and energy to give themselves to pursuits scarcely suitable to their ages. Grandfathers and grandmothers are again tortured by the pains of love, burning with ardent passions sometimes for each other, more often for some youthful local shepherd or wood-nymph. The fact that these adolescent natives speak a language the foreigners do not understand (the local dialect cannot be understood even by North Italians) adds to the mysterious fable-like interlude. Young visitors are more naturally the victims of the aphrodisiac atmosphere. What for their elders is a splendid sunset glow, for them is the relentless blaze of a summer noon. They become untiring and indiscriminate.

All explanations I have been offered for this state of affairs seem embarrassingly inadequate. Doctors speak of "the sea breeze," or the long walks necessary on a mountainous island with only two roads where most communications are assured by mule paths; or the siestas, the idle hours and the spicy food, the sharp sparkling waters, etc. Obviously there is something else—something Tiberius discovered in his old age? —emanations from the nearby Vesuvius, underground radiations, the enchanted presence of pagan gods? Nobody knows.

EVERYTHING changes, and Capri has changed. Take the clothes, for instance. Years ago, when linen suits were *de rigueur* in most resorts and, at night, stiff shirts and dinner jackets, foreigners on the island invented the comfortable habit of wearing at all hours and in all seasons the clothes of fictitious fishermen and peasants, blue cotton trousers sometimes turned up as if to push a boat into the water at any moment, wooden clogs or espadrilles, and cheap cotton jerseys. The women adopted violently-coloured dresses made of inexpensive cloth, or even trousers, the narrow trousers of boys. The natives, to be sure, wanted none of this. They dressed in the authentic clothes of the poor in Southern Italy, shabby but dignified. Half of them always wore black, the South's eternal mourning. None of them wore vivacious colours and picturesque inventions. The Capri bourgeois invariably wore city clothes, a felt hat, a stiff collar, a necktie, and a dark business suit. It was then easy to distinguish the Capresi from the foreigners at first sight. But now the natives have been infected. Since the war they have taken to "the Capri fashion," which they now, season after season, invent, encourage, and dispose of profitably in chic boutiques. Your boatman is no longer dressed like a boatman, but like "the Capri idea" of what a primitive and simple boatman should wear.

Consider the style of houses. Clearly, the original architecture was influenced by the Saracens. (Or nomad Arabs had been influenced by the Byzantines, who also ruled over Capri and Naples until the beginning of the Middle Ages.) The chalk-white walls, the uncertain shapes of masonry (erected without the help of lead line and rule), the stucco carelessly smoothed by the palm of the hand (as in the Near East), and the terraces built in such a way as to gather rainwater and funnel it into cisterns, all gave Capri houses a distinct character. Then the foreigners came and stabilised the design into a set pattern. (Something like this happened in Southern California, when the Anglo-Saxons imitated the local Spanish and Mission style left over by the Mexicans, and developed it so that it could ultimately be copied by Mexican business-men for their suburban villas in Mexico City.) The Capresi until one or two years ago built houses in a caricature of their spontaneous and traditional style. Now, for the first time, they have revolted. They are erecting the kind of resplendent and barbaric structures which are familiar enough from Brazil, Bahrein, Tokyo, Ghana.

More things have changed in Capri than clothes and styles of houses. It has become a place of great fame. More and more people come for a few hours or days. They follow "the paths of Norman Douglas and Axel Munthe"; they dutifully see all the things that must be seen, read the suitable quotations from Suetonius, *South Wind*, *Siren Land*, and *The Story of San Michele*. They diligently buy and wear the outrageous clothes. They sit in the Piazza. They feel their simpler appetites stirred by well-being. But they are not refugees from anything. They are not seeking a new kind of life, nor are they athirst for new sensations. (In fact, they prefer the things and kind of

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places to which they are accustomed.) They crowd Gracie Fields' *Canzone del Mare*, which is an orthodox and luxurious bathing place, with swimming-pool, shops, bar, and restaurant. The cook there is a North Italian who worked in grand hotels abroad; waiters in white scribble orders on little pads with carbon paper; the food is tasteless. All of it could be in Cannes or Palm Beach. It does not resemble Capri, where one swam from rocks, ate in disorganised little trattoria, on the shore, under makeshift awnings, served by the owner. For some nine or ten months of the year, I suppose, the old Capri still exists. The old-fashioned Capresi and the expatriates are still there. The odd characters keep on coming, even if inconspicuously. They no longer hold the centre of the stage. Few of them are distinguished or notorious. If you know who they are, you will, I suspect, recognise them. Above all, the memory of their predecessors persists, in the legend of Capri and its landmarks and showplaces; the red house where Lenin lived as a guest of Gorki (who kept a revolutionary school for Russian political exiles); the incredible villa of Axel Munthe, "San Michele," now the property of the Swedish Government, where tourists can admire the d'Annunzian bric-à-brac, the phoney antiquities, and the cheap copies of museum masterpieces; the ruins of the æsthete Fersen's villa in its dishevelled park, now the property of an absentee Mexican. The memory persists in the names of a handful of residents, descendants of painters, poets, or drunks, and the look of some children, strangely blonde and Nordic, sons or grandsons of foreigners who married local peasant girls. The tradition persists in the very presence of the summer tourists, for they come to the island without quite knowing why.

OF COURSE, Capri is "no longer the same." I was reassured this splendid summer that the landscape, the memory of Tiberius, and the climate have not changed much, "but our people have."

"What a tactful love of money we once had! A young Capresi would endear himself to some wealthy and crochety foreigner hoping to be included in his will after many years of service. He decently waited for his death before taking away his silver, linen, furniture, paintings, statues, and the contents of cellar and larder, to be sold in Naples. It all has now become blatantly commercialised. We advertise. We organise prepaid (or post-paid) tours from anywhere. We have become a branch office of the air and shipping lines. We want our tourists and we are getting them. We obviously want the island to become one of the most popular resorts of the world. We want everything turned into a *Canzone del Mare*. We are betraying the gods of the place for the hope of gross wealth. . . ."

All this is true (especially during "the season"). But it is not all. The world has changed more than Capri. A paradise presupposes a hell; an oasis, a desert. If a place is to remain a refuge, there must be other places to flee from. If persons are to enjoy a new freedom and abandon all hopes of respectability for it, they must be in fear of harsh and inhuman laws, obedience to which is the necessary price for respectability; if they seek indulgence, they must be tired of severity. In the world of to-day stiff collars are no longer always *de rigueur*. Men can dress informally and lead apparently disreputable lives with no calculable danger or visible punishment, almost everywhere. Vices which could once only be satisfactorily enjoyed in Capri (in a secret atmosphere of complicity, and even with a slight, unlikely, melodramatic fear of jail or expulsion) are now flaunted in many other places. Where in the Western World are the severe fathers or the stern judges or the iron-fisted organisations or the oppressive societies? Who any longer disapproves of poets, or bohemians who merely want to "live like poets"? Imitations of those Capri trousers for women, once a symbol of emancipation from so many prejudices, are now mass-produced for sale in department stores. Capri is no longer an island; it has quite rejoined the mainland.

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Laurie Lee

Letter from Ibiza

YOU get here by a slow boat, full of beatniks and Germans; and unless you are lucky you sit on the engine from which a reek of hot grease, coughed up by the pistons, accompanies the wallowing journey. It is six hours from Mallorca, empty sea all the way, and you doze on a bed of rivets. That's how we got here anyway, knowing no other method. (They in fact built an airstrip during the course of our journey, but nobody told us about it.) So we idled all day across that 100-mile sea, playing dice and drinking bad wine, and when the island appeared at last in the twilight we felt we'd come to the end of the world.

I had no notion what to expect, I knew nothing about Ibiza; and the young gentlemen from Palma in their blue dacron suits had coughed when I asked them about it. "Very rough and brutish," they said, "very backward. No cars and no society." And now it approached us—a red rock like a shell splinter, bare headlands like a new kind of metal, with a few bone-white temples standing on the empty shore among which a dark group of figures watched us.

It looked like a place no one else had visited, something waiting unused for this evening, the shade of some long-preserved netherworld even older than the Mediterranean. Who were these watchers among their temples? What were their clothes? their gods? We sidled nearer towards the quayside. Details grew steadily clearer. Revealing the watchers to be boys in more blue dacron suits, the temples new holiday bungalows; and we couldn't land till a French actress on board had been filmed disembarking three times. . . .

The port of Ibiza, the only town in the island, has a commanding but scratch-me-down look—a broody old citadel squatting plumply on a rock and trailing feather-white slums in the water. Save for occasional sea-mists it has extraordinary clarity and if Greek would be hymned for its light. Politically Spanish, emotionally Catalan, and pagan-Catholic by nature, it is otherwise nothing but itself—which is something history has never defined. Long successions of occupiers have set it apart like a dungeon in which to develop their private excesses—it was a Roman jail, an Egyptian lust-pot, an Arabic treasury, a hide-out for pirates, a nip-and-run depôt for the fleets of Napoleon, and during the Civil War a brief theatre for murder. In the intervals it was usually abandoned or ransomed, having little but isolation to offer. And even to-day when no ships come, or are delayed through storm and sloth, there are times when the streets grow suddenly silent, and the town sits and stares at the sea, and temporarily lowers its prices, and drinks an absinthe too many, and wonders if it's not been forgotten again.

It's never forgotten for long however. It has what we runaways want. Heat, sunshine, the antiseptic sea, iced drinks, and the cheap peseta. Also that flattering air of the Latin retainer which makes every bum-poet feel a Byron. If you're a tax-refugee you'll feel easy here, as you will if you have nuclearophobia. For the British tourist there are brand-new hotels where the waiters are reassuringly insolent. For retired colonials there are echoes of the Pacific, with the natives to deplore at sundown. And for painters and writers, idleness without guilt, and more light and more drink at less cost, and the feeling of being recharged with important experiences even with one's hat pulled over the eyes.

IT WAS some time since I'd been on Spanish soil, and never before on a Spanish island. We found a cheap fonda down by the harbour and then went out to look at the town. Night

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had fallen and we had no guide, but we instantly felt at home. By air and by sea we had come a thousand miles, but we were still in S.W.3. For the Mediterranean image—Chelsea/King's Road version—had been snugly reimported, a reassurance, to avoid disappointment, that local folk-lore was still in flower. In the *Bagatelle* night-club, done in bamboo and fishnets, two blondes called Pam were embracing. On the floor with his head in a champagne bucket was Ronnie, dressed Capri à Simpson. "I'm Giles Stoke-Manderville, the brass-arsed Crusader," he mumbled, and invited us to take a rubbing. From farther up the street came sounds of wild clapping mixed with Anglo-Andalucian cries—and there, sure enough, was a *Casa Pepe*, with a guitarist, and more Susans in prints. The guitarist, a hollow-eyed man from the mainland, played flamenco with a livid sneer, while the girls crouched round him, sweating gently, sipping brandy, and bawling *ole!*

Where were the inhabitants of Ibiza this night? I fancy they were cowering indoors. This was not Ibiza nor anywhere on earth, but something we'd packed like a picnic, an idea we'd brought with us to ensure local colour in case the natives should turn out untypical. This night-life in fact, apart from the price of the brandy and the casual licensing hours, could have been anywhere in Central London. (Indeed, most of the management came from there; you could even pay for it beforehand in Regent Street.) Down the road, just as jealously, was a cave run by Germans, reflecting their version of Spain. And I suppose this is now what tourism has become, what it had to become in the end. For the more one travels the more one seeks home (or to have one's home prejudices confirmed). Certain cyphers may remain—busbies, post-marks, ruins, kilts, funny money, and subsidised ceremonial. But travel is little more than a roundabout way now of collecting postcards and stamps; for the rest one seeks continual reassurances—one's native language, home-cooking and drink (beer in Jerez, gin-and-lime in Gerona, ham-and-eggs in Assisi, Coca-Cola in the Loire), familiar plumbing, air-mailed newspapers, and Thomas Cook's guaranteed return.

Did we once naïvely believe tourism would make us cosmopolitans? We find we don't travel for that. Tourism in fact is fast creating a third world, one that is neither home nor abroad, a never-land of posturing fishermen, of scrubbed peasants from a Museum of Folklore, of pre-fabbed hand-crafts and papier-maché charm, of dirt and poverty bleached off the streets, of booming Shakespeare in indifferent Stratfords, holy shrines with the cocktail annexe, and bullfights run for Anglo-Saxon kicks while the Spaniard surreptitiously plays football. Tourism is to many countries an alternative agriculture which can turn even the bad lands green. The haycocks are hollow, the milkmaids of wax, the flowers everlasting, of plastic—but the paying crop is national self-consciousness, served with salads of dollars and pounds, sprayed artificially to tickle the nose and air-brushed for Kodachrome. Who's to blame for all this? Should anyone be blamed? Client and pandar have worked it together. The tourist, revealed as essentially a home-bird, prefers to see the world in his image. And as tourism develops and grows ever more easy it offers this paradox—that we are able to feel at home over wider stretches of earth, while we learn less and less of the world.

IBIZA, even so, is not yet quite obliterated; it still maintains an underground life. Our quayside fonda was bare and obliging, with a back-door open all night. One climbed the steep stairs as a test of sobriety to an irregular room with two beds. The room was white-washed, plain, and monkish, but scarcely designed for rest. There was no glass in the windows and mosquitos came in, also moths the size of newspapers. The electric light had an invisible switch and so burnt all night long as in prison. Through the open windows came the sounds of the night; constant, various, and arresting. From a nearby house a man howled for two hours; a child went "er-ha, er-ha"; someone started to practise a hunting-horn, the cockerels to twang and cackle. At dawn a sea-mist came up from the harbour and wrapped us in hacking coughs, our blankets steamed like pudding cloths, and the damp rolled off our eyebrows. When I got up at last I had to iron my notebooks and put my cigarettes on the windows to dry, while the moths and mosquitos, now water-logged themselves, splashed down round the floor like tears.

The boat from the mainland was due at dawn, so we watched the preparations. An old man with a broom first swept the harbour. Then a dog fell in the water. Beachcombers gathered to watch it drown. The waiters set out their tables. Facing the sea like theatre-boxes the

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harbour-cafés rapidly filled. It was 6 a.m., so we went down and joined them and ordered our coffee and coñac. Around us were mothers with ribboned daughters, boarding-house keepers and priests, officers in pyjamas, gaunt models with hangovers, and local beat-boys waiting for money.

We waited, not speaking, in the early sun, watching the sea like a letter-box. Then at last round the lighthouse slid a cat's-cradle of rigging, and the boat moved into the quayside, and towered above us, flat and emotional, like the troopship in *Cavalcade*. No wonder we all rise at dawn to meet it; everything that is not Ibiza is here. Everything that is not of this ground nor of this shallow sea, that is not wood, clay, straw, or crude alcohol—every ounce of petrol and necessary metal, every pound of rubber and nylon, every bottled brandy and aspirin, plastic cup and ball-point pen, everything that makes this place tolerable for us exiles must be brought in at dawn like this. New mistress, rival, the draw, the discard, the boat bringeth and the boat taketh away. . . . It is not that we seriously wished to run away at all, and we're down here each dawn to prove it.

THE morning's arrivals, the new blood of the island, are viewed first with a ginger suspicion. A party of Lancashire dads, with their print-frocked women, are packed in coaches to their pre-booked hotel. Then the Left-bank Messiahs disembark one by one, bearded, with Parisienne pallor, uniform in jeans, carrying chess-sets and easels, trailing their uniform twin-sister girl-friends. They are soon absorbed by the local colony, and new chess-games are quickly in motion. The pool of beatniks is thus replenished, with scarcely a ripple, hardly a word. Threadbare and silent, this brotherhood moves not, but sticks closely to the harbour cafés. Members are casual, bronze, and sad, and few either work or spend. So they shuffle and cut, and deal each other like cards, and change their rooms and their bedmates weekly. Yet most of the men are quite solemn and moral, believing non-involvement to be a state of grace. Silence is the Word; conversation is vulgar, show-off, the lush affectation. Communion, if any, is by pre-set phrases, telegraphic and agreed beforehand. The Brotherhood consists mostly of poets and painters, but activity in either art is frowned on. Pure creation lies in inspired inertia, the controlled passivity of the pole-squatter—any physical statement, either in word or paint, merely blurs and diminishes the Image. Sterility is fecundity; least said furthest sent; pure silence and balance is all.

Even so there exists a kind of domestic life, a relentless second force, which writes out its own loud separate pattern like flowers nibbling round a tomb. Willy-nilly, these fakirs have fathered a swarm of children—those noisy, golden, bell-haired angels one sees bouncing around the town. These Nordic imps create a counterpoint to the silence, as do their open-bloused, sun-burned mothers—each of whom seems to be called either "Heidi" or "Trude," and are as alike as a row of Dutch cheeses.

These girls—all beautiful, young, and low-heeled—play the patient rôle of salvation. They set out the chess-men, cushion the theories, glide dutifully from market to bed. Their huge empty eyes reflect the unsized canvases and unwritten poems of their men; meanwhile they guarantee sanity, as did Mrs. Blake, by sitting naked and making no noise.

The importance of the girls, and their likely history on the island, can be illustrated by the case of Heidi the Fleming, who had just recently come to Ibiza. One saw her often about the harbour, lacey and slender—even more beautiful than the others—trailing some morose and cropped Buddhist. This violet-eyed, loose-haired, decolleté love-knot seemed to glow like a public street-lamp, and to have no will or purpose other than that necessary acquiescence—shared by her sisters—to the man with the lighter. Typically enough she had been brought to the island by a rich button-maker from Hamburg, who had established her in one of the harbour hotels and there planned an unhurried seduction. He was romantic, noisy, carnal, and plush, but he misinterpreted the girl's morality. Quite shocked by his tastes she had locked herself in the lavatory, where she found a poor sleeping Swede. They had passed the night there, then he gave her to a friend, who bequeathed her, when he left, to a Dane. Since when she had passed formally from hand to hand like a soothing bubble-pipe.

As for the men of the group, who were they, where did they come from, what sent them, and why were they here? Unanswerable questions, most of these, except for their points of origin. More various than their girls, they were yet uniform in habit, each sharing a similar ennui. Their numbers included some stranded

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Fulbrights, a Mexican pundit, a Lapp, a Bill-of-Rights painter, a Fulham Road ditto, and several classless stateless Australians. Perhaps the most vocal were the two Dutch outsiders, who each worked several hours every day. I remember the first of these taking me aside and confessing that he was "the only Dutchman to have read the whole of Louis MacNiece's study of William Butler Yeats in English." He then broke down completely, admitted that he had just finished a 200,000-word novel, adding unhappily, "I am not very quiet about it." The second Dutch scribe wrote for strip-cartoons, about which he was much more brazen. "If this must be boring," he boomed, "then I am telling them in what way it shall be boring. If bad, from what direction its badness. . . ." And finally there was he who had never before walked mortal earth, the miracle Quiz-King from Brooklyn, a plump youth of twenty, already prematurely bald, who having won a small fortune on the television networks had got out of America for good. In all, this company are the gypsies of tourism, inbred and vastly conventional, exotic only in a professional way, forming no part of the land they live on.

THIS symphonic seaport of Ibiza soon palls, and in spite of our affection for its ragged bustle we decided to move on elsewhere. The season was early so we found a house without trouble—a concrete villa in a small sea-village standing at the mouth of the island's one river. This ugly box, which we shared with two friends, had five rooms and a shower, a charcoal-fired kitchen, was furnished, and cost £6 a month. Perched on a hill, beneath a fortress-like church, it overlooked farms and the sea, with the village itself—scarcely more than a street—lying some distance below to the left.

We liked it here: the roads were bad, and a wooden bus ran but rarely. There was nothing to do except work, drink, and swim; nothing to look at but fields and the ocean. Sometimes a four-masted schooner, carrying salt to the Peninsula, spent the morning working up the horizon; or a cart climbed the hill with a barrel of water; or someone beat down the fruit of a carob tree. It was otherwise a landscape of slow, clean stillness which is the bonus of bad roads yet. Anywhere in the world, if you want longer days, or to taste the cream of old speech and actions, it's not craft-guilds, national parks, or medieval mummery you need, merely a generous allowance of potholes. Here, for instance, only a few miles from San Antonio, where speed-boats and charabancs roared, brutish communications left time in the air, a floating bubble of unrippled reflections. Little girls and old crones sat all day in the fields, watching the family's pig or goat; a man opened a water sluice, went to sleep for three hours, then woke up again and closed it; a straw-hatted girl hung her babe in a tree and started to sickle some grass; three boys walked the hill sucking sugar canes; the blacksmith hammered a wheel. . . . The most violent shock any newcomer might suffer would come from the wild Ibicencan hounds—pale rib-thin beasts with mad slanting eyes who ran on the slopes like cheetahs, and would suddenly spring on you from behind a rock, fawning for bread and fish-bones.

All was easy and indolent here; there were no hours, even in business—where you could unlock the post-office, buy stamps on credit, even recall a rash letter once posted. An impudent dignity informed one's relations with tradesmen, and other commercials—you were told what to buy, you didn't choose, you also learned to accept their charity. For instance I'd been in the village two weeks, and hadn't bothered to shave, when a man came up to me in a bar: "I encounter your beard very ugly," he said. "To me I find it most bad." "Who are you?" I snapped. "The barber," he answered. "Francisco Juan Tur, your servant." It was after midnight; he led me firmly to his shop, unlocked it, and shaved me for nothing.

I HAD come to Ibiza to finish a book, because I write on wine, and it's cheaper. The days were so hot, I worked in a shuttered room, with my bottle in a bucket of water. By late afternoon the words were running with sweat, so I'd bathe and then go to the cafés. The evening drink, which was *palo* or absinthe, together with the measureless life one led, created for me a set of new dimensions by which to observe the world. In the rose-hot twilight under the café trees it was the minute in scale that absorbed me. There was a cactus nearby in which a colony of spiders shared a vast dusty web between them. Motionless for an hour I'd watch a solitary earwig, each foot on a separate strand, go waltzing across the throbbing cotton while the spiders recoiled in nausea. For a while that web could fill the whole sky, become the ladder and plains of Babel, a hideous progress up which the earwig

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marched, beset, on his way to paradise. Next I might watch a small hole in a wall disgorge a troupe of winged nuptual ants. Their pale silver wings gave them the frock-coated appearance of fashionable bloods at St. Margarets; some would take off and go spiralling into the heavens, but others just lounged round the nest —till savage little pages, wearing mobile shears, came and snipped off the laggards' wings. Last of all were the flies, who were legion here, so that one swatted a dozen a minute. I'd swat several more, watch them roll on the ground, and again feel that dislocation of scale. . . . Who knows, I'd think heavily, their last slow hours, their immense capacity for dying, that they lie all night among boulders of sand, or among lacerating brambles of floor-dust, broken, panting, cracked with thirst, despairing of aid or rescue, with dying shades of bliss and terror running across their million eyes? . . .

WEEKENDS in this village would not be so strange; they could be lifted from my village in Gloucestershire—take off twenty years, add ten degrees heat, and serve with oil instead of boiled water. What happened was this, here's a typical one; no wonder I felt at home.

At Saturday noon, from ancient habit, I stopped work and put it away. Then left the house and went down to the river, to the pool they call the "sweet water." Here were two cool bridges and a ledge of blue rock down which the river trickled like milk. The pool was deep and the colour of moonlight, with sleepy blue trout down under. I lay with my head half under the water, listening to the nightingales, who sang all day in the riverside bushes as they rested on their journey from Africa.

Presently girls from the village, in crisply ironed dresses, began creeping among the reeds. For an indolent hour they would play whispering games, eat nuts, or doze, and wait—waiting for the boys to come and dive off the bridges, to swim round the pool and excite them. The boys kept to the water, the girls kept to the bushes, calling ritual obscenities to each other, croaking away through the long afternoon their slogans of difference.

At five o'clock was the futbol match, played on a pitch of bare earth near the sea. Tough and bounding, in sexy white shorts, each player played a game on his own. Whoever got the ball shot immediately at goal, be it never so far and wide. Explosions of dust billowed up from the field, the football was fetched from the sea, blows were exchanged, men were carried off insensible to cries of "*conair!*" "*offsigh!*" and "*goll!*" The first side to score could be relied on to win, for the other despaired very readily. It was the local side, this time, who went under first, and were soon playing blinded with tears. The last goal was scored in a deathly silence. . . . The villagers walked white-faced away.

After the game, exhausted by emotion, I went off to seek some rest. I found a rocky wilderness above the village and lay down on a large flat stone. I closed my eyes, smelt sharp herbs and dung, and heard all the sounds of the valley —cuckoos, nightingales, crickets, flies, donkeys, goats, and cockerels, the creak of a cart, a gossip's voice, the fish-seller's trumpet below. As I lay on my peaceful sunset stone a flock of sheep drove over me, followed by a man on a horse, a crone with a goat, then several gaunt figures in black. I was faintly surprised at being so disturbed in such a secluded place, less so when I got to my feet at last, to find I'd been lying in the middle of the road.

Going back to the village I called in at the graveyard which was walled like a Moorish fort. Wreaths of coloured tin marked a new-filled grave, together with a black-edged card on a post. Round the graveyard walls stood more permanent sepulchres, and several pits full of bones. The names on the tombs, some of which I remember, showed the local in-bred variations —Vicente Juan Tur, Vicente Juan Guasch, Catalina Guasch Tur, Vicente Tur Guasch, Catalina Tur Tur, Juanita Guasch Guasch, Tur Vicente Guasch Tur, Guasch Tur Guasch. . . .

ONE might have expected this island, or at least this village, to have escaped Franco's Civil War, that it must have proved too distant and intractable to bother with. But this was not so indeed. The War festered here as violently as anywhere—perhaps more so in its isolation— and though twenty-odd years had passed since that time, the village still smarted with it, and people still told you about it, though with lowered voices, as though of a relation who had had "the Disease." It was the luckiest ones whose voices were lowest, those who had backed the right side and won.

Doña Rosa, for instance, who now owned great properties but would still cook a meal for a tourist—first her brother had been shot, and then her son, who were both Civil Guards, and hated. After Franco's men came, the island was starved. But not Rosa. . . . She spoke in a

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whisper. "Food was rationed to nothing, but we did well. There was no oil, but we had abundance. My husband cooked banquets for the captains and colonels; of course we had what we wished—tins of butter, ham, and milk, German sausages, wine, and brandy. You'd see starving girls fall down in the street—sometimes I'd give them a slither of bread. The poor children were as white and thin as bones, having nothing at all they needed. There was murder, yes; prisoners were shot; there was many thrown over the cliffs. A few escaped with crippled limbs—you'll still see them about to-day. . . ."

In fact the conquerors didn't really want Ibiza; it was punished and then ignored. Even now, should a General be disgraced in Madrid, he will be posted here to cool off. It is an island for exiles, not for permanent life, and refugees abound — conducted tourists, international crooks, assassins, film-stars, lovers, they come here for sun-tan, to get lost, to repent, or to drink themselves cheaply mad.

So now to Ibiza (as to the poor Spanish mainland—like fish-picking Malaga and once-starved Costa Brava, where earth, Church, and State were but the peremptory buriers of a wasting and hopeless people) something resembling a miracle has happened. Without labour or seed, floating harvests of wealth now fall on the sterile island. The visitors come, asking only for charm, sunlight, and nostalgia confirmed. The island cushions them readily, like a sun-warmed lilo, quickly regaining its shape when they've gone. It provides the hideout, charges a modest fee, but is neither amused nor corrupted. Since the day of the Phoenicians it has been regularly visited by such waves of foreign restlessness. All the same it considers these times unique, they are boom times by its reckoning. Only a few years ago its people were dying in the street, now everyone is plump and busy. How this could have happened, how long it may last, are things too uneasy to ask. . . . For the first time in a history of countless invasions Ibiza is being occupied, not by arms, but by money.

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One of Spain's principal attractions to its millions of visitors from industrial Northern Europe—besides sunshine and cheap services—is the archaism of the countryside.

You can drive for hundreds of miles and, apart from a patchy and uncertain tarmac under your tyres, there is nothing to remind you of the twentieth century: no poles or pylons, no petrol stations or electric pumps, just the peasants and their children in floppy hats and dateless clothes, women carrying pitchers on their heads, and the two commonest landmarks, the donkey and the Cross. All this produces an illusion of permanence: so these people have always lived and so it seems they always will.

The illusion is false: and the tourists themselves are one of the reasons why. Their disturbing impact on old Spain was noted by the National Association of Fathers of Families, one of the major corporations now authorised in Spain, who said at its annual congress this year: "It is impossible to overlook the danger represented in certain regions of Spain by the tourist current as a vehicle of ideas and customs highly pernicious to our family morality...."

OBSERVER, 12/7

Sweeping reforms, affecting the present structure of French tourism from top to bottom, were announced this week by Jean Sainteny, the new Commissioner-General of Tourism, at his first Press conference, given in the restaurant of the Eiffel Tower. He warned that he would not favour any single branch of industry, nor would he take sides in such controversies as "de luxe tourism v. mass tourism" or "new construction vs. modernisation."

A vital part of his programme calls for the breaking of the July–August bottleneck in France which results in resorts being congested and uncomfortable, and Paris being shut and dull at the peak of the season. He hopes to resuscitate the "dead" Paris that up to now has greeted foreign tourists when they arrive in July and August. According to him, André Malraux, Minister of State for Cultural Affairs, has already planned a brilliant Paris season which will last through the whole summer of 1960.

It is noted that many small coastal ports could be made into attractive yacht harbours, while pleasure-boats could be introduced on numerous interior waterways. Another idea is the creation of both national and "week-end" parks. He said he believed the time had come to construct a large Tourism Building in Paris. He announced at his Press conference that he will request the Press to invite all readers who have vacationed in France to send in their comments.

HERALD-TRIBUNE, 10/7

Excessive noise and the equally excessive forwardness of Italian males are stated in the Senate to be two of the reasons why foreign tourists are inclined to leave Italy earlier than they had originally planned.... Italy has more foreign visitors in a year than any other European country, and the money they bring with them covers one half of the gap in the Italian balance of payments.

This great economic asset was, however, being endangered, it was lamented, by the way in which some some Italian young men pester women visiting the country, a clear example of a national trait working against the national interest.

TIMES, 22/5

The desirable objectives of travellers (or prospects) can change out of all recognition in a score of years. Few, before the Romantics, thought much of the Alps. "I hope I shall never see them again," said Horace Walpole in 1739, and Hirschfelde in 1766 declared: "Those horrid structures the Alps ... one is awe-stricken at the view, and longs to impart this pleasant sense of horror to all one's friends." Before the century was out Wordsworth and others had Switzerland seem an earthly replica of Paradise itself.

OBSERVER, 28/12

A stay in Geneva is rather like sitting looking at a picture postcard all the time. There is no discernible depth or character. They try to make the place lively by providing half-a-dozen or so night-clubs, and Geneva is indeed known as "the Paris of Switzerland," but the acts and the girls are all imported and there is something drearily uniform about the prices and the "spectacle." And as for the fine old European custom of "ogling" from sidewalk cafés—Geneva serves mainly to stir wistful longings for Paris or Rome or Nice or Copenhagen or even the hot summer sun on the Kurfurstendamm in Berlin.

Geneva is, in fact, pretty much one great big "public facility" immaculately and efficently managed and run, for the purpose of taking care of tourists or conferences without the intrusion or distraction of personality or atmosphere.

HERALD-TRIBUNE, 18/7

As the West Germans read about the Geneva deadlock over their country, they prepare for the summer vacation season. After another good business year, they inundate the rest of Western Europe by the millions, streaming to Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Spain, and elsewhere by train, car, and air. Fourteen years after the war there are only two or three continental countries where they still feel that the reception is chilly: notably, Denmark and Holland.

This massive tourist flow fits obliquely

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into the reunification picture. A generation of young West Germans is growing up who have vacationed in Normandy, Tuscany, the Ticino, and the Costa Brava, but have never seen East Germany's Mecklenburg, Brandenburg, Sachsen-Anhalt, or Thuringia, not to mention Silesia and East Prussia.

HERALD-TRIBUNE, 21/5

The English abroad are seen by an "average" French hotelier as often short of money, suspicious, and "more and more critical." This view is quoted in an analysis of tourist behaviour as the Frenchman sees it—"from a strictly commercial angle"—in the Paris newspaper, Les Echos. *The English are often astonished that they cannot enjoy the same facilities as they did in the hotel where they stayed before. Paris hoteliers like the Germans best. They are affable with staff, generous with tips, good spenders, and "they don't ask for much."*

Americans are "generally quite generous but they insist on details such as iced water. They willingly let their children spoil the furniture." OBSERVER, 12/7

French well-wishers of Great Britain often ask, with but a trace of condescension, how the British tourist trade is faring. In this context it comes as something of a shock to learn that among European countries Britain is ninth on the popularity list for French people who go abroad for their holidays. It comes some way behind Yugoslavia. In 1957 it attracted only 165,000 French people, one-eighth of the number who went to Spain. TIMES, 2/9

On all our German streets, squares, and parks, no sight is more familiar than the litter of old newspapers, ice-cream cups, and odd slop. It hardly can be brought into focus with the brilliant façade of our new department stores and office palaces, and even less with Germany's old-time reputation for orderliness and cleanliness. Especially unfortunate is all this in the middle of the tourist season. "What a pretty rubbish dump!" one hears foreigners saying. But the local inhabitants say indignantly that only the foreigners are to blame. It is the tourist passing through who disposes of the garbage through the automobile window.

DIE WELT (HAMBURG) 15/8

A new, more sophisticated type of American tourist is beginning to show up in Moscow these days as the result of the work of a hitherto unpublicised institution: a Manhattan briefing centre for ordinary Americans visiting the Soviet Union.... Lots of them now go to the Soviet Union equipped with the "World Almanac" or other handy compendium of American facts so that they can document their statements about the United States with statistics....

"I do not try to propagandise or brainwash anyone," the 29-year-old director says.... His briefing sessions covered a wide range of matters, from the wisdom of learning the Russian alphabet before leaving to the advisability of the children's taking along a stock of bubble gum to dispense as gifts for Soviet children they may meet.

N.Y. TIMES, 2/8

"How can you stand it?" This is the first thing the transient visitor to Florence in summer wants to know, and the last thing, too—the question he leaves echoing in the air as he speeds on to Venice.... Naples is a taste the contemporary traveller can understand, even if he does not share it. Venice he can understand . . . Rome . . . Siena. But Florence? "Nobody comes here any more," says the old Bernard Berenson, wryly, in his villa at Settignano....

"Nobody comes here any more" is simply the other side, the corollary of the phenomenon of mass-tourism—the universal deluge. The masses rush in where the selective tourist has fled. Almost nobody comes to see Donatello's "David," in the Bargello, the first nude statue of the Renaissance, or "San Giorgio" or "San Giovannino," Donatello's also, or the cantorie *of dancing children in the Museum of the Works of the Duomo, but Michelangelo and Cellini—partly, no doubt, because of vaguely sensed "off-colour" associations—draw crowds of curiosity seekers. Florence is scraping the bottom of the tourist barrel. And the stolid presence of these masses, with their polyglot guides, in the Uffizi, in the Pitti, around the Baptistery doors and the Medici Tombs, in the cell of Savonarola and the courtyard of Palazzo Vecchio, is another of the "disagreeables," as the Victorians used to call them, that have made Florence intolerable to the kind of person for whom it was formerly a passion. "How can you stand it?"*

"Rambles" through Florence, such as the old guide-books talk of, are a funny idea under present conditions. Many of the famous monuments have become, quite literally, invisible, for lack of a spot from which they can be viewed with safety. Standing (or trying to stand) opposite Palazzo Rucellai, for instance, or Orsanmichele, you constitute a traffic obstruction, to be bumped by pedestrians, honked at by cars, rammed by baby carriages and delivery carts. Driving a car, you are in danger of killing; walking or standing, of being killed. If you walk, you curse the automobiles and motor-scooters; if you drive, you curse the pedestrians—above all, old women, children, and tourists with their noses in maps or guide-books.

MARY MCCARTHY, THE NEW YORKER, 8/8

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Walter Z. Laqueur

Russian Holiday

OUR own Russian holiday began at the Moscow airport Vnukovo; but it is at the railway stations in the capital where the crowds are, and a raucous (and unintelligible) loudspeaker constantly blaring instructions. At the airport I saw only a few elderly people: apparently the older generation still have their doubts about air travel and prefer to leave flying to the more enterprising young.

It was end-of-July and half Russia seemed to be setting out on journeys, to Leningrad and the Ukraine, to the Crimea, to Lake Seliger and the Caucasian health-resorts. Some, I noted—the more adventurous, I suppose—were departing for such far-away places as the Urals, the Altai Territory, and Siberia. Travelling is comparatively cheap in the Soviet Union; four weeks in a watering place on the Black Sea cost considerably less than a worsted suit of medium quality, and it is a good deal cheaper to take a room for a week in a Moscow hotel than it is to buy a pair of shoes. On the other hand, it is much easier for a foreigner than for a Russian to obtain a room. In a city of five million, visited by hundreds of thousands every year, there are altogether twenty hotels (and no boarding-houses). The official and recently-published Russian reference book, *In Moscow*, also lists seven guest-houses but these are mainly reserved for foreigners attending the permanent Agricultural Exhibition. The various ministries and specialist organisations also have a number of private hotels at their disposal for their own members. In any case, it remained a mystery to me where the masses of visitors are actually accommodated. Many of them probably stay with relations or friends (despite the acute housing shortage, to do this is far more common than in the West). The Russian loves company, and he is offended if his guest does not eat and drink furiously. The Western desire for "privacy" is, I suspect, quite beyond his comprehension. I kept on asking Soviet citizens whether they wouldn't prefer "a room of their own" rather than sharing one with others. Without exception they replied that they did not go on holiday to be bored. They wanted company. Especially while they were away.

SOME OF THE MOSCOW HOTELS are enormous; the *"Ukraina"* has thirty floors, with over a thousand rooms and suites. In the new hotel which is being built on the banks of the Moscow river there are to be 2,500 rooms, several cinemas, a theatre, and even air-conditioning (by no means a luxury in the Moscow summer). On the whole, however, the ostentatious and extravagant architecture of the Stalin era has now been abandoned. The simple and convenient hotels around the exhibition ground in the north-east of the city differ favourably not only from the neo-Victorian *"Peking"* (built quite recently), but also from the average London or Paris hotel. The railway stations are crowded (even at three in the morning), and there are enormous queues in front of all the booking offices. My first impressions were paradoxical and conflicting. The people *are* badly dressed, their shoes *are* poor, and their suitcases wretched. But many of the travellers have cameras which are not at all bad (the Russian imitation of the *Leica* now costs less than 500 roubles); they nearly all have watches of fairly good quality (a rarity only ten years ago); they smoke cigarettes which are much cheaper than in the West, and they drink good vodka. They have larger aeroplanes than the Americans, but landing-grounds (like their toilets) that are far too small. Jet aircraft and turbo-jets (such as the IL 18) are used on nearly all the airlines; I imagine that the Soviet Union probably has the quickest as well as the largest air fleet in the world to-

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day. But during the first twenty minutes before the aircraft is allowed to take off, we are submitted to a sort of Turkish bath; with no ventilation, men strip to their trousers and wring their shirts out in the toilet. *"Kulturni"* or *"njekulturni"*—nobody here likes it hot.

OUR travelling companions passed the time pretty much like travellers throughout the world: reading books and periodicals, playing chess or cards (forbidden curiously on railroads), talking, yawning. A baby cries; the stewardess brings round papers and magazines. From what I could gather by a little over-the-shoulder research, the books people were reading were mostly "holiday literature": historical novels, Soviet detective and spy stories by Sheinin, the series called *"Bibliotheka Prikliutchenija,"* and, finally, the *"Roman Gazetta"* (cheap editions of best-sellers). But, above all, they were anxious to talk—even with the foreigner, above all with the foreigner. Conversation between a Russian and a foreigner is nearly always dominated, however, by two fairly routine gambits.

(1) Ah, you are a foreigner? But how very nice. In recent years the conditions have been created for a fruitful cultural exchange between our two countries, with a view to developing neighbourly relationships, maintaining world peace, increasing trade relationships, etc., etc. At this point it is usually advisable to butt in, politely but quite firmly, and mention that one has also read, with varying interest, the leading articles in *Pravda* over the years. With that interjection, a serious conversation generally becomes possible.

(2) In some slight contrast to the tedious declarative, the second gambit is the torrential interrogative. Ah, you come from abroad? How do you like the Soviet Union? Why are there so many unemployed in other countries? Why are the negroes persecuted in America? What is the average wage in the West? . . .

These questions recur, in somewhat different sequence, again and again. The only variation I have come across is: "Forgive a silly question —but have you a personal interest in the outbreak of a third World War? . . ." Politely suggest to the questioner that the question is in fact rather stupid; circumnavigate skilfully various other conversational rocks; and "the conditions for a fruitful exchange of opinions" will at long last have been created.

At the American exhibition in Sokolniki I heard the very same questions put to the seventy-five American guide-interpreters dozens of times. These students executed their assignments honestly and with considerable acumen. They did not at all deny the existence of the race problem but tried to explain "the background," stressing the efforts now being made towards de-segregation in the Southern States. The opening questions were always controversial, if not blatantly provocative; but controversy soon gave way to the sheer thirst for knowledge—and the visitors embarked on a mass of questions about washing-machines, frigidaires, colour-television, automobiles. The notion that the Soviet citizen is considerably more interested and educated in politics than citizens in the West seems to me quite romantic. Soviet students may be more taken with politics, but the adults (especially the women) are definitely not. Anyway, not as they set out on their holidays.

NOBODY knows how many foreigners visited the Soviet Union in 1952; at that time the authorities were shy about publishing statistics of any kind. Apart, of course, from official delegations, the number of visitors can hardly have amounted to more than a few thousands. But in 1957 it was already 550,000, and the figure for the current year will probably be considerably higher still. This may not seem very large compared with the number of tourists who visit Switzerland, France, or Italy; compared with seven years ago it represents an enormous increase and the Soviet organisations, above all *Intourist*, are finding it very difficult to cope with this sudden influx. The majority still come from Eastern Europe, but tens of thousands are now coming from the "capitalistic West" (including about 15,000 from America). *Intourist* has agencies in all the European capitals, and the visitor is offered a large selection of tours, ranging from six days in Moscow to the Grand Tour (Leningrad-Moscow-Stalingrad-Rostov-Sochi-Kiev). It's possible to go hunting in the Crimea, and one can get a room in a Sochi sanatorium fairly cheaply. The various classes of accommodation are: with a bathroom or shower; with or without a private car and an interpreter; with or without caviar.

IT ALL BEGAN probably (Marxism is contagious) in the summer of 1957 when the Soviet Government introduced a new rate of exchange. The old official rate was four roubles for a dollar,

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about eleven for a pound sterling, a rouble for a Swiss franc. This rate made the rouble about four times dearer than its value in Russia; a private visit to the Soviet Union was impossible except for millionaires and their families. The new rate for tourists has more than doubled the value of foreign money. Still, the present rate of exchange does not bear the slightest relation to the real purchasing power of Western currency. The black-marketeers near the large hotels are not only prepared to buy Dacron suits and Orlon pullovers but offer twenty roubles for the dollar instead of the official tourist rate of ten. (What do they do with these dollars?)

The head offices of *Intourist* are in the Red Square. This Soviet "joint-stock company" (why joint-stock?—another mystery) does everything it can to make the visitor's stay "as pleasant as possible." The headquarters officials and their representatives at the airports, railway stations, and hotels are hospitable, courteous, helpful. But the coupon system remains the tourist's nightmare: he has had to buy these coupons before coming to Russia and is now compelled to make up the equivalent of ten roubles for breakfast, twenty-two for lunch, three for tea, and fifteen for an evening meal. The service in the Moscow hotels is quite inadequate, and the result of an absurd system (every waiter has his own till in the ante-room where he has to solve fairly complicated mathematical problems before and after every order). The whole organisation of *Intourist* is still based on delegations (*"Delegazja"* is the magic word in Moscow). It is no doubt simpler to organise thirty North Koreans or Czechoslovaks doing everything in admirable collectivity than thirty bourgeois Western individualists who insist on rising at different times, want to eat different food, refuse to join in group excursions, and are all just dying to "go off exploring on our own."

As the charming young Uzbek lady who accompanied our group on behalf of *Intourist* so rightly remarked: "You are not a proper group at all! You have no leader! There's no one I can talk to!"

One of her colleagues, a young girl who had just finished her studies at the Institute for Foreign Languages, sharply berated a corpulent and rather elderly politician of the Labour Party because he only wanted a light snack on a very hot evening and had politely refused a formidable meat dish. In a voice obviously used to issuing commands the *Intourist* interpreter said: "You must eat it! It is good meat and it will do you good!" The scene lasted about five minutes; and the Russian girl must no doubt have thought the undisciplined foreigners' laughter stupid, ungracious, and quite incomprehensible.

I had the feeling that the whole *Intourist* setup is now beginning to fall to pieces. One only needs to have seen the queues of impatient foreigners at the passport offices in the hotels: every visitor has to submit his passport which is then taken by hotel employees to a special department of the local Soviet for registration. The harassed hotel employees and the local Soviet do their best; but bureaucracy knows no magic; and if an unsuspecting visitor puts up for the night in a Soviet hotel and intends to continue his journey the next morning—well, he has a slight disappointment awaiting him.

Are the Soviet authorities prepared to reorganise and simplify, and possibly let thousands of foreign visitors loose in the Soviet Union without "organisational assistance"? It is, of course, perfectly possible to travel de luxe on one's own if one can afford thirty dollars a day for accommodation; and in any case it is still only permitted to visit a limited number of towns. There is a growing demand for more freedom for the individual visitor, and travellers from the West are not alone in making this request. Even Soviet tourists (returning from the West) have recently been criticising "group tourism" and attacking the assumption that when they travel abroad Soviet citizens are only happy when they are in a group. Thus the gifted Soviet writer Nekrassov has recorded, in an interesting account of a journey to Italy (published in *Novy Mir*), that the group should not be the only form of travelling possible in Soviet tourism—in spite of his ignorance of the Italian language, he at any rate had not felt at all "lonely" in the market places of Northern Italy. Soviet citizens (or at least some of them) are beginning to savour "the good life"; the more a man gets the more he wants.

In the travel brochures Sochi is usually called "the gem of the Black Sea," and few who have been there will want to quarrel with that.

> From the seashore the slopes of the Caucasus ascend in the form of steps, behind it lie the wooded mountains, and still further in the distance the snow-clad peaks rise towards heaven.

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> On the shore, on the edge of the bathing beaches, the white palaces of the sanatoria stand amidst the dark green of the sub-tropical vegetation. . . .

I can only agree with the official handbook: Sochi is certainly beautiful, healthy, and popular. Four hundred thousand Soviet citizens spend their holidays there in the course of the year, *"luchshie Ludyi nashei Strany,"* the best people of our country, as Stalin used to say. (He himself used to spend many weeks there every year.) Again the mystery is where these hundreds of thousands are accommodated. Sochi only contains two medium-sized hotels, and there are only 12,500 beds in the sanatoria. All the same, according to my enquiries, most visitors stay there for three or four weeks. Well over half the visitors must therefore find private lodgings: how they manage to do so (and they certainly do) baffles the outsider.

As a holiday resort, Sochi (the name comes from the Circassian) is almost exactly fifty years old. The first sanatorium, the "Caucasian Riviera," was opened in 1909. Aristocratic families (the Yussupovs, the Obolenskis, Lievens, Dolgorukis, Count Witte) had villas or country estates here. But the chronicler of Sochi apparently finds little good to record of its early history: dirty streets, two tumble-down cinemas, and drunken orgies in the public-houses of the "Caucasian Riviera" are all that he has to report on this period. (But this at least is registered as a fact: Fiodor Chaliapin won half of Sochi at cards in a single night, and then lost it again the same night.)

Sochi began to boom in the 'thirties, and has evidently now outstripped all its rivals in "social prestige." Sochi, I learned from all sides, is to be "rated higher" than Yalta. Writers and composers still prefer to withdraw to their dachas; producers and actors have remained faithful to Yalta; but the élite of the political and economic world, the Marshals and Generals, meet in Sochi. I wonder if "meet" is the right word. The sanatoria are almost hermetically sealed off from one another; and, needless to say, no "unauthorised person" is allowed to approach the villas of the party bosses.

Stalin "made the place," and there are still many reminders of him. I often saw statues of him, alone and also "in conversation with Lenin," in the parks; one of the large sanatoria is called *"Svetlana"* after his daughter. In the post offices, however, his picture has been replaced by that of N. S. Khrushchev, and the main street is no longer called *"Prospekt Stalina"* but *"Kurortni Prospekt."* It is not only the main street but almost the only street, more than thirty kilometers long, meandering along the shore from Adler, the airport of Sochi and its environs, to the north-west, and lined by cedars, lemon trees, yews, laurel trees, cypresses, box-trees, palm trees, cacti and bamboos, tulips, narcissi, gladioli, magnolia, hyacinth beds, and other luxuriant vegetation. There are also statues: young men and girls, fathers and mothers, apparently intended to symbolise the Soviet people at work and after.

Below the *Kurortni Prospekt* is the Black Sea: the descent to the shore is very steep and access is mainly by means of small cable-cars staffed by girl attendants. Above are the various sanatoria—the ones owned by *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, "Rodina," "Donbass," "Moskva," "Chaika," "Novy Sochi," "Raduga," "Sokol," and so on. The Soviet Defence Ministry alone has half-a-dozen sanatoria, and the mines own one of the largest buildings—the "Ordzhonikidze." (I suppose it was Ordzonikidze who drew the attention of his fellow-countryman Stalin to Sochi in the mid-thirties.)

Many of the sanatoria are built in the massive, neo-classicistic style of the Stalin era. I heard one foreign sociologist, apparently a student of Veblen, mutter something outrageous about "conspicuous consumption." What I found disturbing about them was not so much the ostentation (much less conspicuous here than on the Moscow skyline), as the fact that so much stress was laid on outward ornamental display rather than on comfort and convenience. Lifts are very few and far between; air-conditioning (a vital necessity for invalids in the hot and humid summer months) non-existent; beach equipment very mediocre. In one sanatorium (for sufferers from heart disease!) I counted two hundred steps which patients have to climb, in the sweltering heat, from the *Kurortni Prospekt* to the main building. No wonder the doctors are notably successful with patients capable of such exertions: get to the top and probably you need no doctor. The most recent buildings are, however, considerably simpler and more practical; less impressive, more comfortable, inexpensive.

In the centre of Sochi we strolled and looked at shops and wandered in the "culture parks," drank tea, listened to a concert, dropped in to see a new film, ate Viennese sausages, had ourselves weighed. Large red streamers (*"Forward*

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to Communism," "The Fulfilment of the Seven-Year Plan is the Duty of Every Soviet Citizen") and huge masses of statistics offered some civic instruction. A public-spirited citizen on a bench, in a burst of informal conversation, told me that recently plans have been completed for supplying the town with gas and that "it is hoped to supply gas to 15,000 householders by 1965...." I also discovered a botanical garden, a nursery-garden, and a theatre, the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, and gypsy bands. I made a circular tour of the town in an open bus. It reminded me a little of Bournemouth.

APPARENTLY THERE IS NO night life in Sochi, at any rate no public night life. The "culture parks" are closed at midnight. After that there are only a few lovers, and some drunks in the streets. Dipsomania is a very serious problem; it has apparently become worse. Last year a "workers' militia" was formed to combat the "drunken hooligans," and wearing red armlets they are all over the place every night. Their efforts have not been completely successful. The local paper *Krasnoye Znamya* still publishes a daily list of drunks who have spent the previous night in gaol cells. Nor have the "amateur prostitutes" been overlooked. Their photographs, names, and addresses were published on large posters. But, lo, the stratagem had a rather different effect from what the city fathers had intended; it was revoked without delay. All this is, however, untypical. Sochi is well-behaved and very orderly; its inhabitants are in bed by eleven; and its visitors all asleep by midnight.

FOR THE "best people" in Russia, Sochi is today what Karlsbad was for Goethe and Vichy for Napoleon III, what Ischl was for Franz Josef and Kissingen for Bismarck, and what Baden-Baden, Bath, Aix-les-Bains, and Wiesbaden were for the European aristocracy of the 19th century. It is a political as well as a social centre. Not a few resolutions of the Praesidium have been drafted in Sochi, rather than in the Kremlin; some diplomatic notes (for example, during the Suez crisis) have been dispatched from Sochi, not from Moscow.

It has a magic and a mythology. In the brochure *"50 Years of Sochi"* (Krasnodor, 1959), I found, for example, a report on the case of patient M. from the Urals whose complaint was insomnia. "Whether I have gone to bed early or late, I have always had great difficulty in getting to sleep. A car only had to drive past and I was never able to sleep again till morning." It was decided to cure M. by a course of therapeutic sleep by the seaside. "Three days passed," he said, "and a miracle took place. My insomnia vanished. One night there was a storm but I went on sleeping quite soundly in spite of the noise."

Faith moves more than mountains, and there is here a touching belief in the infallibility of doctors and medical instructions. The impression I received was that although the Russians are by nature rather tough and healthy, they adore consulting doctors, taking treatment, and talking endlessly about cures and illness. A patient's "medical book" has to be seen to be believed. It prescribes an enormous daily programme of baths and massages of all kinds, X-ray treatment and sun-bathing, remedial gymnastics and walks, swimming and drinking the waters. I could not escape the feeling that only a very healthy person could possibly stand all this. I was told that often a husband and wife share the course of treatment between them—one will take the thermal oxygen baths while the other takes the mud-baths and mineral waters—simply because it is just too much for one person.

Even life on the beach is organised to the last minute. There is a notice at the entrance with precise instructions: seven minutes air-bath in the shade; four minutes in the sun; then a shower; then five minutes swimming or paddling in the sea; then a few minutes in the sun; then a period for drying off, followed by another air-bath in the shade, then, after a few intermediary stages (I can't quite make out my wilted, sun-drenched notes), a second and somewhat longer period in the sea. To comply with all these instructions the patient needs an excellent memory and a waterproof watch.

AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING the first of the patients make their way down to the beach in the funicular, the men often in pyjamas (though this garb has been attacked in recent years as *"Njekulturni,"* apparently without complete success). The men carry towels, books, magazines, the women little plastic shopping-bags. We found the sun was brilliant, the sea not too cold and not too rough, and motor-boats cut through the water to Gagra and Adler, and steamers to Yalta, Odessa, or Suchumi were gliding by, and it all seemed quite idyllic, except for the noise

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of the loudspeakers. After an hour or two on the beach we all returned for breakfast. In the funicular everyone has to show his permit ("Propusk"). Soviet citizens show their medical book, and I flashed some brochure or other ("Visit the beautiful Soviet Union")—regulations are regulations. In the dining-room a six-piece dance-band plays, with much enthusiasm, the "Merry Widow" waltz and a variation on a Brahms Hungarian Dance. Also *"Arrivederci Roma."*

In the afternon we tried to go shopping. The scene in the streets is not essentially different from that in any other Soviet town of approximately 100,000 inhabitants. The public buildings, stations, post offices, town hall are quite magnificent and well-fitted for their purpose, but the shops leave a great deal to be desired. Some of the shops were tiny wooden huts crowded with dozens of overheated persons all shouting *"Devochka, Devochka,"* to attract the attention of the one and only assistant. I imagine that similar scenes may have taken place in the "general stores" in the Wild West seventy or eighty years ago. But, as I was told, "we have solved the problem of heavy industry and in

In the Soviet Union there are two ways of taking a holiday, the official and the unofficial. The official method consists of obtaining from the trade union committee at your place of work a document called a PUTYOVKA *which entitles you to stay for a given period at a holiday camp or sanatorium.*

For an unofficial holiday you can stay in your dacha, *or country cottage, if you are lucky enough to belong to the growing social élite of* dacha-*owners, or, if your means are more modest, you can visit a holiday resort as what is called a "savage" —that is, a holidaymaker who finds his own accommodation and amusement.*

SUNDAY TIMES, 23/8

This is Moscow's American summer. By the time President Eisenhower arrives, the Muscovites will have had more personal contact with the United States than at any time since the war.

"Button-down" collared shirts, khaki trousers, and collegiate suits parade through the centre of the city, but they are no longer worn only by Americans. Young Russian "business men" are doing a thriving trade. Many of the 10,000 tourists have already left behind a suit, jacket, or pair of shoes as souvenirs to young Russia.

In Sochi, the fashionable Black Sea resort, 1,200 miles to the south, I met people from Leningrad who were making a special trip to the U.S. Exhibition on their way home. Many of the holidaymakers already wore the red-white-and-blue buttons which they had received at the gate....

The "War and Peace" film has been a box-office hit at the cinemas for months. It is still playing to full houses in Moscow and is the rage of Ivanova, a provincial industrial town I visited 200 miles to the east; people who missed it in the big northern cities are flocking to see it in the local cinemas in the Black Sea resorts. "Not Tolstoy but a very good film," is the usual Russian comment. Audrey Gepburn (no "h" in the Russian alphabet) has stolen many a young (and old) heart with her Natasha....

In Moscow, an all-star variety show, run by American television star Ed Sullivan, took over Gorki Park for a week...."I am very glad to be here," pronounced Mr. Sullivan in his newly-learned American-Russian (the result of an "intensive" one-month course during his last show in Las Vegas). From shimmering evening gowns the two dazzling Barry Sisters changed to Western "cow-girl" skirts with sequins, and the crowd went wild. The programme said Kowboyski songs, and the girls supplied the "whoopees" expected.

But the Ministry of Culture drew the line on jazz. The fastest dance it would allow was the "Charleston."

HERALD-TRIBUNE, 28/8

When Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan arrived for the meeting, Mr. Khrushchev exchanged wisecracks with them. The Press was allowed in for the first five minutes to listen to the greeting, which began with banter about vodka-drinking and the Soviet Prime Minister's recent holiday on the Black Sea coast. Mr. Bevan asked him how he enjoyed it and Mr. Khrushchev replied:

"It was not really a very good holiday. You can have a good holiday only when there are no planes, no post, and when nobody phones. It would be a good idea to drown Gromyko in the sea somewhere and then we could have a good rest, but nothing could be done about it. When they put me on the old-age pension then I will tell you how to have a good holiday."

The Soviet Foreign Minister, who was sitting near the Prime Minister, joined in the laughter.

REUTER, 5/9

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ten or fifteen years we shall also have put light industry on a proper footing...." I tried to browse in the bookshop on the corner. But there is "a system," and it almost drives one to illiteracy. In all Soviet bookshops the customer has to tell the assistant his exact requirements (author, title, etc.). To examine the shelves on one's own is not only forbidden but quite unthinkable.

IN THE EVENING all the patients returned to the sanatorium, and the doctors (mostly women, as everywhere in the Union) appear on the scene again. The Russian patients, these lusty Hans Castorps, need doctors, but the salary the doctors are paid by the State seems much too low. The average income of a Soviet doctor is probably not more than 900–1,200 roubles—they are the worst paid section of the intelligentsia. (A few leading professors in Moscow do receive much more.) Many doctors have a few private patients—this is neither prohibited nor permitted, although the Soviet medical press often protests against the practice. A private consultation with a leading Moscow specialist is said to cost 150 roubles—less than in America, but as much as in Harley Street. Some doctors are said to have returned mainly or entirely to "private practice" in recent years. On a stroll through Sochi I did in fact see such notices as *"Zubnoi Vratch"* (Dentist) on some of the door-plates.

In some branches of medicine, especially surgery and ophthalmology, the Russians have achieved unique things, but elsewhere they seem to be where the Germans were in 1910—their outlook is mechanistic and they are more concerned with the individual organ than the whole human being. But we only heard praise. Praise for the doctors, praise for their diligence, devotion, and humanity, praise for their treatment and drugs and cures. As far as I could make out, the Sochi patient returns home, after four weeks, firmly convinced that every day, in every way, he is getting better and better. What more can one ask of scientific medicine?

I FOUND MEMBERS OF this upper class to be astonishingly well-informed about events in Russia, especially those that are not reported in *Pravda*. Equally astonishing is their ignorance of the West. Many of them, to be sure, listen to foreign wireless stations and are well versed in "the news," but somehow they lack all appreciation of what political, cultural, and economic life is really like in the West. In many departments of the Academy of Sciences there are young men and women who have read all the Western books and journals on their special subjects; still, they had not the slightest glimmer of understanding of how things actually worked.

The new upper stratum seemed to me to be full of patriotism and pride. They appear to be firmly convinced that in ten years they will have "caught up with" and "overtaken" America. As far as China is concerned, I encountered much reticence. One thoughtful man commented merely that it is "a very big country."

If they are in agreement with the social system, it is also true that they would like "more freedom for themselves," but they do fear that any slackening of the authoritarian régime would have "bad results among the masses." All "the evils of the past" which are claimed to be happily overcome (lack of discipline, anarchy, dipsomania, etc.) would flourish again. There is here a natural, self-protective identification with the present régime. Most of them grumble about Stalin and say that "Nikita Sergeyevitsh is a much better man. There is no longer any need to be frightened when there is a knock on the door at three in the morning. . . ." Material conditions are improving; there is an increasing choice of consumer goods; the country is more powerful.

I LEFT WONDERING whether there weren't some parallels in the past: Victorian England? Wilhelminian Germany? America? But in some ways this new upper stratum is a fundamentally new phenomenon and comparisons with the past can offer no guide to its future development. I was fascinated to find such clear signs of *embourgoisement*, of addictions to "bourgeois tastes." But I will not venture to say how much political significance is to be attached to that. There were moments on the Black Sea, almost in the shadow of a statue of Stalin and Lenin, when politics seemed happily, surprisingly, grotesquely far away.

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P. E. Schneider

The Sun Also Sets

Americans in Paris

OF THE many false notions we entertain about clichés, the wrongest is no doubt that clichés are false. They may be untrue at the outset, but it is of their very nature—they are thought thoughtlessly accepted —to become true. Ideas are rigid, while men are plastic: given time, the former will trap the latter on their Procrustean bed. Take a compass, pin it at random on a map, delimitate an arbitrary area, throw up barriers around its borders, call it Ruritania: before a generation has passed, the people *will* be Ruritanians, with Ruritanian customs, idiosyncrasies, traditions, and even ethnic particularities.

The boundless fertility of clichés is eminently illustrated by the relation between France and the United States. Indeed, it might be defined as the perpetual interplay of two sets of *idées reçues*. Generation after generation, Americans have taken off to Paris because nowhere could they hear, as Henry James put it more than fifty years ago, "the clock of freedom ticking as loud as it seems to do here. . . ."

Concurrently, some thirty thousand Americans are listening to that clock, though not all out of personal choice. About 20,000 servicemen are stationed in the Paris area, and government agencies employ another five thousand or so. The remainder is made up mainly of businessmen, professional people, students, and a motley assortment of individuals who are determined to stretch "the last real holiday of their life," as Irwin Shaw has one of them say, even beyond the breaking point—in other words, expatriates.

There is nothing quite so constant as the feelings of Americans about Paris—except perhaps the way Parisians look at Americans. The first of them reached the banks of the Seine in Rabelais' time; he was a Huron, and Hurons are more or less what Americans have remained in the eyes of the French to this day. Voltaire has *l'Ingénu* say about "his American compatriots": "They are called *savages*; they are very coarse people, and the men of this country are refined scoundrels." The French are determined to cling to this stereotype: Chateaubriand worked downright miracles to meet no one but Cherokees along the Mississippi. They will refuse to recognise a Henry James unless shown that there is a Fenimore Cooper in him, and suspect the last of the Mohicans in the latest of the Brahmins. Whitman, Caldwell, are acclaimed: Hawthorne, Stevens, are unknown. Indeed, the popularity of James Dean here may well have been due to the fact that his brand of violent candour was regarded as a modern version of the familiar image of the noble savage.

The only equally obstinate pendant to this view of the Americans held by the French is that held by the Americans about the French. Ezra Pound, writing to Margaret Anderson in 1918, expresses—more coarsely, in keeping with the stereotype—precisely the same thought as Voltaire's ingenuous Indian: "Anemia of guts on the one side and anemia of education on the other." Thus, while the French would be startled not to find the transatlantic visitors humming songs of innocence, the Americans would be no less disappointed if, upon landing, they did not have their ears drowned by songs of experience.

THE nature of that experience has changed amazingly little over the years. Even the words used to describe it are frequently the same —down to the smallest detail. "I was struck by the light of Paris, it has a modelling quality,"

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says James Jones, who recently succumbed to the Seine sirens' song, and there certainly isn't any writer one would less expect to echo the other James—Henry, I mean. Yet that is precisely what he does: "In the light of Paris," notes the hero of *The Ambassadors*, "one sees what things resemble." The young engineer who quit his job at Douglas Aircraft because he could no longer bear the monotony and the conformity and who came to grow a beard in the Latin Quarter sounds, no more or less, like Washington Irving: "Good Lord, deliver me from the all-pervading commonplace which is the curse of our country." And what the refugee from America—whether it be the stenotypist from Saint Louis thrilled to be on her own or the Columbia graduate who explains that to have nobody care or bother about you is like being propelled into the vacuum of absolute freedom —discovers is, as the arch-expatriate Henry James put it, "such a consciousness of personal freedom as he had not known for years; such a deep taste of change and of having, above all, for the moment, nobody and nothing to consider. . . ." To-day, as yesterday, Paris is the place where Americans come to get away from it all and to find themselves.

Why? Because Paris leaves you alone, whether you are rich or poor, artist or bum. Every newcomer from the New World is prompt to learn about France a truth stated over thirty years ago by Ernest Hemingway: "It is the simplest country to live in. No one makes things complicated by becoming your friend for any obscure reason." U.S. Private Wayne Bowers deserted, lived hidden under a French staircase since 1944, and begat four children without ever being discovered. Paris asks no questions such as: Why aren't you working? It seldom gives you the feeling of "being in"; as a result, it rarely instils the urge to get out; the local population does not emigrate. Paris is distant.

"It is across the ocean, where your parents can't get you on the phone so easily," says a young philosopher from Chicago.

"In America, you just can't get away from college," says a young writer from Harvard. "Why? I hitch-hiked to San Francisco, and guess who picked me up in the middle of the desert? My English professor."

The freedom the American feels in Paris is the consequence of the city's superb indifference —an indifference sometimes hard to bear but ultimately rewarding. "Artists don't have to go to cocktail parties every day," a painter from New York notes. "Why? Because they're not invited." Another painter put it more nobly: "Paris isolates you, but it also structures you." Certainly, all the Americans residing here would agree with Jules Dassin that "In Europe, you get to know America better." What they acquire in Paris is, as they invariably call it, "perspective"—on themselves, on their country, on their work.

© *The New Yorker*

"I'd like you to meet Miss Tucker, who's over here on a Guggenheim; Miss Coley, who's here on a Fulbright; and Mr. Stewart, who's on his own."

Of course, they would never have thought of looking for it here had not the expatriates of the 'twenties, the Hemingways Fitzgeralds, and Henry Millers, painted such a glamorous picture of life in Paris. The war, quite accidentally, had introduced them to that "deep taste of change"; the Volstead act and the favourable exchange rate brought them back. "They were happy to be in Paris, those Americans!" William Bird,

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who was one of them, reminisces. "First of all, because 'vice'—*i.e.*, alcohol and *Ulysses*—was not forbidden." Out of their doings, a colourful legend has been spun, a legend that has the stylised simplicity of a dream-sequence in a Hollywood musical. The hero, an emancipated Yank with a scarf stuffed into the collar of his polo shirt, moving against a background of quaint old houses, pretty flower-girls, and genial *agents*, dances from one *café* table to the next, with frequent pauses in torrid bedrooms, occasional stops in front of things of beauty—Notre-Dame, the Concorde—and chronic dives into the uncharted hinterland (Spain for the bull-fights, Provence for the *pastis*). Yet somehow, in this perpetual, delicious idleness, novels are written, symphonies composed, landscapes painted. And no less miraculously, the glasses of wine refill without ever a *centime* being exacted —thank heavens, for our hero is poor in all respects except experience. Of that, he is full—in fact, he is loaded.

There is an element of truth, to be sure, in this picture. The expatriates *did* drink. Upon seeing Harold Stearns (the author of the pessimistic report on culture in the U.S.A. that had started the exodus) collapsed at a table in the *Dôme*, someone quipped, "There lies American civilisation." Anecdotes of the sort abound. Eugene Jolas, the editor of the best-known of the expatriate magazines, *transition*, had invited Joyce and various other friends to his house in Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. At one point, to sober up the company, somebody turned the fire extinguisher on it. In the proceedings a Joyce manuscript was lost. Perhaps the house's present occupant (General de Gaulle) may unearth it some day. Even the exiles' respectable chronicler, Malcolm Cowley, narrates, not without some complacency, his troubles with the police.

But this is only part—and a relatively small part—of the truth. These men came for the life, but also to get what they felt they needed for their work: culture. "It was a very conscious hegira," Janet Flanner ("Genet" of the *New Yorker*), one of the few expatriates to have stayed on, recalls. "It was like coming back to meet an unconscious ancestor." And they did take every care that they *would* meet him. They arrived with letters of introduction for writers. They met and argued in the salons of Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein. They found a spiritual harbour at Number 12, rue de l'Odéon, the site of *Shakespeare and Co.*, an artisan publishing house founded by a dedicated, tenacious American, Sylvia Beach, who put out Joyce's *Ulysses* after seven years of uncertainty and struggle. It provided American letters with a beach-head on the old continent. On the opposite sidewalk was located *Les Amis des Livres*, a bookshop *où l'on cause* run by Adrienne Monnier, Sylvia Beach's lifetime friend, where the young Americans could meet Valéry, Gide, Larbaud, Claudel, and many others. Even Marianne Moore, who has never crossed the Ocean, wrote glowingly after Mlle Monnier's death of "her art of hospitality in reinforcing persons like myself—persons who felt they had a literary home in the address '12 rue de l'Odéon'—shadowy though we might be and actually never there. . . ."

THE exodus of the 'twenties has usually been presented as a return from the arid wastes of America to the wellsprings of civilisation. Malcolm Cowley, for instance, claims that "to young writers like ourselves, a long sojourn in France was almost a pilgrimage to the Holy Land." The curious thing about these latter-day pilgrims, however, is that few of them seemed eager to devote themselves to the Holy Sepulchre. Indeed, their relation with French culture was often limited to the kind of contact Hemingway had with Jean Prévost: he broke his thumb on the essayist's skull in a fist-fight. Pound, Stein, Joyce, were the *maîtres à penser*. Those Frenchmen who exerted an influence on them: Flaubert, Remy de Gourmont, would have been as accessible to them at their public library, back home. (Still, it should be remarked that the poets were open to more recent layers of French literature than their contemporaries who wrote fiction; yet it is the Hemingways and the Henry Millers, not the Robinsons and the MacLeishes, whom the concept of Expatria brings to mind.)

What the emigrés sought in Paris was an incitement towards a non-pragmatic view of art. An American film director recently told me how much he was struck by the fact that the fishermen of a little Corsican town would gather on the seashore and applaud the beautifully setting sun. What the fugitives from Main Street needed was the revelation that it was all right to clap at sunsets. France did not give them a *métier*, but an attitude: æsthetic gratuity. Strangely enough, they took in this message at the very moment when it was going out of fashion: Dada tore down æsthetic values, and on the *tabula rasa* surrealism built a functional,

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utilitarian literature—the first *engagé* art of our time.

That the Americans were not deeply affected by this upheaval shows how vaguely the notion of cultural contact is applicable to their case. At heart, it was this very absence of contact that they came for. Gertrude Stein saw it clearly:

> After all, everybody, that is, everybody who writes, is interested in living outside themselves. That is why writers have to have two countries, the one in which they live really. The second one is romantic, it is separate from themselves, it is not real but it is really there.

That, too, is why the only thing Americans, yesterday as to-day, resented in France was Americans: they defined themselves *vis-à-vis* of America, but to do so, they had to be left alone by it. F. Scott Fitzgerald voices this classic complaint at a surprisingly early stage: "And in 1928, Paris had grown suffocating. With each new shipment of Americans spewed up by the boom, the quality fell off, until towards the end there was something sinister about the crazy boatloads. . . ." Translated into more pedestrian terms, this obsession is that of the young American who sees only compatriots because he is incapable of straying very far from the Rue Scribe, where the *American Express* has its offices.

To the expatriates of the 'twenties Paris gave the intellectual stimulation they needed, and the outlet. A score of little magazines like *transition* or the *Transatlantic Review* helped put their names before the public (in those days, you could print 500 copies of a review for $25). A dozen wealthy Americans turned into publishers (like Robert MacAlmon). The writers of the lost generation found themselves in the process of defining their lostness—a process which Paris facilitated. Those who have come in their wake, since the end of the Second World War, did so to live the part described by their elders—in short, they really *are* "lost." The creative spirit, which helped the previous generation elaborate the myth of Expatria, has now become part of that myth. A tyrannical one it is. The girl who hangs on by dubbing occasionally in films would feel dishonoured if she didn't write an occasional sistine. Others justify their presence by dropping in at the *Grande Chaumière* every once in a while to sketch, or simply by having a beer at the *Sélect* in the proximity of a recognised artist, or by hanging a poster of a bullfight in their room. In fact, there are two mysteries about the majority of the latter-day expatriates: the work which they proclaim and which doesn't exist; and the allowance from home which they disclaim and which *does* exist.

The few survivors of the epic age of exile who still haunt the scene of their past exploits view this decline with nostalgia. Poet and translator O. H. MacIntyre wistfully recalls the days when beer was three cents at the *Dôme* (it costs twenty, now). "I damn near wept when they moved the clock from the corner and set the sycamore back." Gradually, the face of Montparnasse has changed. The *Rotonde* is turning into a movie theatre, the *Dôme* into a bookmakers' rendezvous, and the *Sélect* into an æsthetic kibbutz. "I don't know anyone here who's doing serious work," says MacIntyre. The youngsters who surround him exchange jokes about sex with him for a few months, watch him throw his cigarette butts into the slits on the side of the café's stove (a trick it takes years to learn), listen to his explanation of how he introduced ketchup and cinnamon to the *quartier*—and take the boat back home. "The other night, I sat here with a young chap, talking about Catullus, till we had tears in our eyes. Such a thing hadn't happened to me in years." He is reduced to the company of ghosts. "When I walk down some of these old streets, on a moonlight night, I think I've got Villon on my right and Verlaine on my left." The old companions are dead, have returned home or moved to more dignified quarters—like Richard Wright who owns a farm in Normandy, or Alexander Calder who has one in Touraine.

THIS transformation is a sign of the times. Bohemia, in the old sense, is disappearing from the Paris scene. Rebellion, that indispensible ingredient, is growing rare. Most of the fugitives from life in the U.S.A. to-day would agree with James Jones: "It wasn't protest that brought me here." As time passes, there are fewer and fewer "expatriates," and more and more "Americans abroad." Indeed, the Junior Year Abroad is what probably best describes the condition of the majority of them. The age of Volstead has given way to the age of Fulbright.

"Now they're eager, serious, and off to the University of Grenoble," as an old-timer comments. Respectability has overtaken the local American *literati*. Like the novelist Harold Kaplan, an inveterate *Montparno* who became head of an important service at the American Embassy, literature has migrated from the Left to the Right Bank. (The impetus has carried a

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writer like Irwin Shaw all the way to Klosters, in Switzerland.) "The myth was to put me in Saint-Germain-des-Prés," noted a former theology student, "but reality put me on the Place Vendôme."

The shift is eminently symbolised by the contrast between *transition* and the most important expatriate magazine since the war, the *Paris Review*. Its tone is smooth and unadventurous; its editors have been numerous, but all share a fundamental trait; they are obviously going to be (some already are) successful businessmen. Not unnaturally, the *Paris Review* has found shelter in an office-building off the Champs-Elysées, where it cohabitates, in perfect harmony, with another expatriate enterprise, called the *Overseas Credit Service*. As a matter of fact, it is difficult, when you see these young men together, to tell who are the executives and who are the editors.

Not only has expatriate writing become businesslike, but some expatriates have actually become businessmen, like the young man from Seattle who came over "to be creative," drifted until he was down to his last penny, and then went into insurance. A perfect illustration of this fate is the perceptive critic of American literature who decided that he would make enough money to last him a lifetime by supplying America with an automatic needle-threader of his invention. Unfortunately, the first shipment rusted on the way over. To pay off the debts thus incurred, he became (and still is) the European representative of a large American metal manufacturing company. Between a trip to the Congo to equip the region with new rails and a journey to instal cables in Yugoslavia, he may still write a few lines on Hawthorne or Melville.

Scratch a Bohemian to-day and you will find a businessman; scratch a businessman and you will find a Bohemian. They have Right Bank jobs and Left Bank hearts. You are more apt to run into them in a *bistro*, reading a volume of verse or talking to a sculptor, than at the Harvard Club. Every one of them still feels "vaguely creative," deep down. And where they are being so is in the ways they have invented to stay on in Paris—for they are the really imaginative expatriates of to-day. They have started insurance companies and diaper services. One has turned American lostness into a find—for himself, at least—by creating an agency specialising in solving all the problems facing Americans temporarily abroad (from interceding with a sour concierge to fixing the electric toaster that won't work on French current).

In crossing the Seine, Expatria has, so to speak, crossed the Rubicon: it has declared itself for the very thing America stands for—success. Paris is no longer another world, but a slightly more remote station on the commuting line. And so, not surprisingly, the Right Bank has made room for 52nd Street and for Hollywood-and-Vine. Paris is fast growing into a capital of jazz (it has already annexed strip-

Drawing by Lorenz
© 1959 The New Yorker

"He says he's from the Ford Foundation, and why aren't you home painting?"

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tease), and it could put together a dozen film productions without resorting to a single native —from director to publicity agent. Few of these *de luxe* commuters become involved in local life.

The gilded expatriates have left the Left Bank, on the whole, to students and to drifters—the borderline between the two being rather fluid. So much is certain: while as unsuccessful as the old-time Bohemians, they are, generally speaking, no longer creative. There is, however, one signal exception to this rule: the artists. Before the war, the American expatriates who made an original contribution to world culture were primarily literary people; in the post-war era, they have been primarily artists. America's chief gift to mid-century art, abstract expressionism, had its proponents in Paris as early as 1950: Norman Bluhm, Paul Jenkins, John Hultberg, Larry Calcagno, John Levee, Shirley Goldfarb, Shirley Jaffe, and Sam Francis, whose oils are responsible as much as anything for the rise of *tachisme*. The welding school of sculpture, anothe another American speciality, has been represented here by Cousins and Falkenstein. Unlike the expatriates of the 'twenties, who, in the words of Janet Flanner, "came to learn something," these artists come merely "for the living." It is essentially a matter of social convenience. "You are accepted," says Cousins. "Even a man who makes ceramic ash-trays is considered strange in America. Here, everybody has a cousin who makes those things...." The new residents felt themselves the bearers of a message. They lived in isolation from their French colleagues, confident that the world would come to them—and to some extent it did; for it is to them rather than to the more classic breed of art students, who were eager to absorb the lessons of the *école de Paris* and to meet its members, that success has gone of late.

THEY share one basic feature with their Left Bank compatriots of the literary variety: they are still innocents abroad. But unlike their predecessors of the pre-war years, they have come, not to lose their purity, but to impose it. Far from rejecting America, they have brought it along, as wary tourists carry D.D.T. bombs in their suitcases. It is invariably the theme of their novels—in fact, the title of a still unpublished one by Richard Grenier might stand as a symbol for the new attitude: *Yes and Back Again*. A young painter from San Francisco working in Montparnasse even puts the mother-country on his canvases in the shape of big American cars and refrigerators. Paris has nothing to offer them, except this negative quality: isolation, which allows them to hear more clearly the sound of America within them. "The atmosphere of Paris means nothing to me," says novelist Grenier; "I'm after self-perception." And he adds: "Paris to me is like Walden Pond." Alfred Kozal, a twenty-two-year-old Harvard graduate who has published one novel and written a couple more after bolting Oxford, now sits in the attic room of his dingy hotel near the Boulevard Saint-Michel, "making almost perverse efforts not to meet anyone and reading all the books he had never had time to read because he was too busy being educated," and enjoying his sense of "perfect alienation." To Bill Burrows, one of the ideologists of the beat generation, "Paris is like a waiting-room. The French are conventional people. You know just what they are going to say. After you have gotten adjusted to that, you hardly notice them any more. That's convenient...." With the local surroundings thus anæthetised, there is really nothing to inform you that you aren't in North Beach. "You lead the same life as in the States," says Burrows. "Looking out of my window here, I might just as well be looking out of the San Remo in New York. They're the same people, in fact...."

The "beats" themselves came, but their fling was brief. The place was simply too ideal. After eating a few neckties and bumming a certain number of drinks amidst total indifference, they went back to the land where the marihuana grows—proof that the only thing the anarchist cannot endure is lack of disapproval on the part of the law-abiding.

These are extreme cases, however. The infantry of the Left Bank expatriate army is made up of drifters—protracted vacationers from the U.S.A. The military metaphor is particularly appropriate, for most of them are ex-G.I.'s who have stayed on beyond the termination of their G.I. bill. *Esprit de corps* has not deserted them: they have shed their uniforms, but put on a beard in their stead. They are looking for self-fulfiment and they are finding it, thanks to all the other uneasy souls who have wandered to Paris for the same reason. They are registered at the Sorbonne, which only costs a few thousand francs and entitles you to cheap theatre and concert-tickets, and to even cheaper meals. They live in shabby hotel rooms in the Latin Quarter for about $30 a month, where they sneak in gas-cookers and girls. They sit in cafés such as

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the *Tournon*, behind the Luxembourg gardens, and at a *bistro* on the corner of that very Rue de l'Odéon, which was once the centre of so much American cultural activity, the *Monaco*, which a history student I talked to at the *Sélect* called "the lowest rung on the ladder of Bohemia." When prodded, they will allude to the poem, the novel, or the treatise they are writing—all, of course, as mythical as the play called *The Halcyon Bird* which an American lady of the neighbourhood has been promising to her friends for decades. They wanted to be lotus-eaters, and they stayed in Paris because lotus is cheaper there.

THAT is, it *was* cheaper. Paris has always had room for marginal characters, but the margin has been shrinking of late.

It is practically impossible for the expatriate, legally, to get work in France. He must live by expedients. It is on this matter, not on art or literature, that he brings his imagination to bear. The best source of income for former G.I.'s is current G.I.'s. They feed on them like sharks on a bank of herrings. They sell them clothes, cars, encyclopædias, mutual funds. Roger Barr, a Californian artist, even teaches them how to paint. Others teach English at the Berlitz school or bus-boy in restaurants. In many cases, they have shown undeniable inventiveness. Until a new law passed recently made it risky, some wrote pornographic novels for $300 apiece. Several of my informers recall that recent summer afternoon at the café when a young man suddenly rose to his feet and shouted: "I've got a really new angle! Somebody pours an aphrodisiac in the punch-bowl at a boy-and-girl-scout jamboree!" It is one of the few instances of inspiration tangibly striking that I came across during this investigation. Others have raised the art of playing on mum's sentimental chord and purse-string to the point of absolute perfection. Gregory Corso started a "Corso Fund" (and actually received contributions). For a while they went to North Africa and built air-bases. One came to Paris to paint and now sells Bibles in Germany. Another, who has become a successful clown, currently does a strip-tease in reverse in a fashionable night-club. Others sell the *Herald Tribune* along the Champs Elysées and *The Paris Review* in front of the *Deux Magots*. (Hemingway, through his interview in a recent best-selling issue, indirectly helped to keep a few of his successors alive.) There is a former college-girl who has turned into a nude model at the Lido and a former college-boy who sells perfume—the only male in the business—and who does very well by telling American women tourists: "French girls wear *this* or *that*...." Some dub in the movies, and several translators are established in Paris on the same principle which induces factories to settle near their sources of raw material. Others pin up pathetic pleas like the following on the bulletin board of the American Students' and Artists' Centre: "*Two young women looking for work: (1) can type well, (2) baby-sitting or light housework, (3) English or French lessons, (4) paint your portrait or illustration, (5) teach American and English folk songs.*" Or else: ANYONE INTERESTED IN INDOOR GOLF PRACTICE AND LESSONS PLEASE LEAVE THEIR NAME AT THE DESK. But expedients these devices remain, no matter how ingenious. Their inventors can only stave off temporarily the day when they must admit to themselves that the great vacation is over—a bitter day, for not everyone admits it with the same cheerfulness as Ginger Hall, a young actress and singer who came on a tour and was enraptured: "Living in Paris is like poking a fork into the clouds. I've done it long enough. I'm about ready for roots...."

READY or not, they go back after increasingly short stays.

Even here, the pressures of modern life are beginning to kill Bohemia. It takes a downright heroic conviction to affirm, like the painting couple of Shirley Goldfarb and Gregory Masurovsky: "We're going to see it through to the bloody end. We've got our tomb picked out at the Montparnasse cemetery." Fewer and fewer have the courage. Paris is becoming Americanised with a kind of furious passion. Every day witnesses the opening of a caféteria, a snack-bar, a drugstore. American tunes and rhythms—or local *ersatz* thereof—stream forth from every jukebox. Productivity and automation are the slogans of the hour. Parisians literally rock-and-roll their way into the American way of life. Soon, only Americans will remember with fondness the old stones, the dukes and princes, and the checkered tablecloths. "They must really reason themselves," wrote Adrienne Monnier, "to refrain from wishing to see us saddled with kings, fortified castles, sedan-chairs, thatched roofs, oil-lamps, etc." One of the most successful American enterprises in Paris is a sedate night-club called *L'Abbaye*. It is run by two actor-singers, Gordon Heath (who after

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playing in a Broadway production named *Deep are the Roots*, threw up his own) and Lee Payant (who had been acting off-Broadway—"And by off-Broadway I mean Jersey"), and one of the chief reasons for its success is that it is the last place in Paris where you can hear old French songs. The owner of a night-club on the Rue de Lappe, one of those establishments which put on *apache* dances for visitors from Milwaukee, Oslo, and Montevideo, delivered in thick bus-loads by *Paris-by-Nite* tours, told me of his troubles. In the past, he had had no difficulty collecting the seedy, typically *gaulois* extras needed to provide atmosphere to his club by raiding Montparnasse *bistros*. To-day, there are none to be found. "If it weren't for those young Yankees, I couldn't pepper my audience with a single beard or beret."

Perhaps the rôle of the new American expatriates is just that: not to add to the American heritage, but to save 'the French heritage' from irremediable oblivion. A cliché can only be saved by those who believe in it.

THREE DAYS IN ANY PLACE . . .

Do you know that I have travelled to every place on earth which travellers have described as most fascinating, in the hope of finding one where I should want to stay or return, and have found that Faust had a sure horse on the devil in his promise about the passing hour: Bleibe doch, du bist so schön! *Three days in any place on earth is all it will bear. The pleasure is in the movement, as Faust knew when he let the devil in to the preposterous contract. . . .*

Probably any other persons would have had adventures on such an excursion; but I never have anything out of the common. The world always presents, like the moon, its same side to me. Always mankind is absorbed with more or less success in the same solemn human duty of making money. The tiller of the soil is always being exploited by the trader and the money-lender; the trader and the money-lender are always exploiting the tiller of the soil. Religion, art, politics, manners are either vulgarised or dead or turned into money-making agencies. Every country is a variation on the same theme, as monotonous as Baker Street or the Rue de Rivoli. In all my wanderings I have never met a gentleman or a lady, nor do I know where to look for them. Perhaps you may come across them in Europe, but I have not been so lucky. To me, railway trains, hotels, and steamers carry only one constant stream of money-makers, or their wives or children. Not even an artist or an archbishop crosses my dusty track. Robin Hood lived in much better society. . . .

HENRY ADAMS (1895)

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The platitudinous travel and holidays literature which has lately taken the place of Christmas cards in our morning post is leavened by an occasional brochure from a foreign source with a cheerful, never-say-die approach to the difficulties of English translation. Why, for instance, should we not imagine ourselves "sidling through the antiquated streets [of Siena] suddenly startling the cathedral in all its wonder"? There is some pleasure, too, in anticipating the calm that will descend upon us when we finally arrive at that "peace-loving resort on the Costa Blanca with its miles of pristine shores and the limpidity of its sea-swell."

However, for the sheer joy of letting oneself go in someone else's mother tongue, we are still looking for the equal of the hand-out of the Mexican Tourist Bureau in Mexico City we read once which, describing some aspects of a local fiesta, put it this way: "...each group of musicians forces its members to dance and this is multiplied to amazement, and intercrosses an oriental background wherein human figures are resplendent like the clouds in a midday sky, at the hour when the sun crosses its boundaries and strikes the eyes like a fulminating hippogriff." GUARDIAN, 6/1

Run by our dear *old friends the British Travel and Holidays Association, who produce these advertisements in America showing Englishmen in national costume—bearskins, smocks, etc., is an information service which seems designed to give a similarly quaint picture of London; included among only five exhibitions mentioned were:*

An exhibition of bird portraits in Worcester porcelain at Worcester House in Curzon Street.

The Pinto Exhibition of Wooden Byegones at Oxywoods House, Northwood, Middlesex. OBSERVER, 12/7

According to the British Travel Association in New York, the average American coming to Britain is 45 years old, has an income of about £2,320 a year and spends £185 on purchases.

Anyone desiring to please these average tourists should serve iced water with all meals, produce the coffee at the same time as the sweet, and resist any temptation to short-change or over-charge.

TELEGRAPH, 21/5

Mr. Hugh Fraser, the Scottish businessman, is likely to be named this week-end as the man invited by the Scottish Tourist Board to discover how Scotland can be made more attractive to visitors.

Mr. Maclay, Secretary for Scotland, is to speak this week-end about his plans for developing the tourist industry, and will say that he has asked the board to make a survey of the possibilities. Accounts of the measures likely to be taken have been exaggerated. GUARDIAN, 13/6

I do not see how travel-books ever get written. For now that everyone travels all the time the competition must be almost overwhelming. In old days at least one had, say, the Niger to oneself. TIMES, 21/5

A mother with her grown daughter and schoolboy son peered uncertainly through the railings outside the British Museum. "It looks very big," said mother, "do you think we can do it in a quarter of an hour?" They decided they could, spending at least two of their fifteen minutes in the long hike up the forecourt. They were not Americans.

GUARDIAN, 23/7

Mr. Billy Graham caused quite a stir in London when he complained about the behaviour of couples he saw in London's parks. He said: "The parks have been turned into bedrooms, with people lying all over the place." Mr. Graham said he had never seen anything like it in Moscow or even Central Park in New York City.

Now Mr. Graham was probably right in saying he saw what he saw, but what he probably didn't realise was that most of the people he encountered in Hyde Park were tourists who just couldn't get hotel rooms. London has never been more crowded and there are just not enough hotel rooms to go around. The couple that shocked him were probably married and were just resting between a trip to the Tower of London and the Tate Gallery. HERALD-TRIBUNE, 16/6

The suggestion that posters asking "Are you fit to be seen abroad?" should be erected at airports and other points of departure used by British tourists was made yesterday by Mr. William Lemkin.... Referring to the federation's campaign to make men clothes-conscious, he said the overseas visitor must have thought we in Britain had adopted a "couldn't care less" attitude.

Baggy trousers, ill-fitting jackets, raincoats that in former years would have been considered suitable only for the scarecrow; tophats that were grimy and weary; ties that looked as though they were used as a means of holding up trousers, and probably often were; shirts that obviously never had the benefit of those miraculous washing-powders we see advertised; shoes often unpolished—that is not an exaggerated picture.

Soon tens of thousands of men would be flocking across the Channel on holiday. "Do these people pause for one moment and think that their trousers are in fact their country's flag?" he asked.

GUARDIAN, 19/6

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NOTES & TOPICS

Meinecke and Ideas

THE history of ideas, or "intellectual history"—it is significant that there is no exact English equivalent of *Geistesgeschichte*—is one of the branches of the humanities (like sociology or the history of art) which have always been somewhat suspect in British academic circles, and which have secured only a precarious place in the curricula of our universities. This is in part because British historians have been less consciously aware of performing the task of creating a national tradition than their colleagues in Germany, and in part because the tradition which they have been concerned to record and analyse has been a constitutional and political one that has taken pride in its lack of a theoretical and philosophical foundation. Thus Friedrich Meinecke, one of the great historians of our time, has not found many followers in England, and only one of his major works has been translated. In America, on the other hand, where the history of ideas is a respected and important branch of the subject (and even has its own journal), many of Meinecke's former students found a home when they were forced to leave Germany; and it is not surprising that the first important study in English of Meinecke's ideas should have appeared in the United States.

Mr. Richard Sterling's *Ethics in a World of Power* (Princeton University Press) is perhaps not the best introduction to Meinecke's work for English readers. This is not just because of the cumbrous and sometimes meaningless German English into which he translates his quotations ("the great state individualities are the central bearers of political history"), but also because a study of Meinecke's political thought is bound to be largely based on the more ephemeral of his writings and therefore cannot really do justice to him as a historian of universal importance and interest. Nevertheless, this detailed and impartial treatment of Meinecke's political ideas is valuable, especially in so far as it suggests some of the differences between our own historical circumstances and traditions and those of the Germans.

Meinecke's early life—he was born in 1862—was passed in the years of Bismarck's triumph; and it was the nature and problems of a newly united German State that first preoccupied him. It is indeed this situation that necessarily makes his position different from that of most English historians. In Germany the historical awareness of the German past was used as a justification for the efforts in the 19th century to create a united Germany; and ideas which were taken for granted in England about the nature and geographical extent of the State, its composition and institutions, were still undecided in Germany and consequently of the utmost practical political importance.

It had been the contrast at the beginning of the 19th century between Germany's musical, philosophical and literary superiority, and her political weakness and division which had made many Germans impatient for a united national State, without perhaps exactly knowing what they wanted it for. It is the transformation of ideas in Germany between the age of Goethe and the age of Bismarck that was the subject of Meinecke's first great study in the history of ideas, *Weltbürgertum und Nationalstaat*—a work which is a study of the ideas of the Enlightenment and of the Romantic age which goes far beyond its immediate German context. In it Meinecke was justifying, or at least explaining, Germany's rejection of the cosmopolitan rationalism of the 18th century and the acceptance of a romantic, historical, nationalist, organic view of the State. (Although it is true, as Mr. Sterling points out, that Meinecke was often critical of Hegel and rejected much of his doctrine, his own view of the State as "a specific spiritual personality" is one that never freed itself from Hegelian presuppositions.) But it was not only the idea of the nation-State that preoccupied Meinecke in a way in which it would never have done in the case of an English historian, nor was it only the rejection of *Weltbürgertum* in favour of *Nationalstaat* that needed justifying; it was also the methods that had been used by Bismarck to attain national unity.

It is the moral problems involved in decisions about the conduct of international relations that form the theme of Meinecke's study of the development, since the Renaissance, of the idea of "raison d'état," *Die Idee der Staatsräson* (which has been translated under the title *Macchiavellism*). Although British historians have often had to justify situations in which the British have acted for "reasons of State" which have been held to transcend the rules of individual human ethics, the "primacy of foreign policy," which Meinecke's master Ranke held to be a principle of modern history, has never applied in Britain to the extent that it has in Germany. Consequently, Britain's international relations have seldom been as important a theme for historians as Britain's internal political and constitutional development. Germany's existence

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in Europe—without natural boundaries in the East and without any very coherent national tradition—has always depended (as it does today) on her relations with other countries. It was foreign powers who were largely responsible for the settlement of 1815, which seemed to many Germans to deny them the right to exist as a nation-State; and Germans have said the same sort of thing about the Treaty of Versailles and about the Potsdam agreement. It was in three wars with foreign powers that Prussia established her hegemony in a united Germany. Even more important than this, though, was the fact that it was during wars against a foreign enemy that the Germans felt most strongly their sense of national unity. 1813—the "War of Liberation"—has remained a legend in the annals of German nationalism; 1870 created the mood for the final act in the creation of German unity; while August, 1914, was felt by men like Meinecke himself to be a great spiritual experience. British national consciousness, on the other hand, although it has its legends (the struggles against Philip II, Louis XIV, or Napoleon) and its moments of intensity (as in the summer of 1940) has never, for most Englishmen at least, been an almost metaphysical experience that needs analysing and justifying in terms of general philosophical conceptions.

MR. STERLING'S study of Meinecke's politics suggests another important point about modern Germany and an explanation of Meinecke's own dilemma.

> The dream I dreamed [Meinecke wrote] together with so many of my generation in the years before the First World War, was to realise within ourselves a harmonious unification of the legacies of Goethe and Bismarck, and so to achieve a new synthesis of spirit and power. . . .

Geist and *Macht*—it is the same problem that obsessed Meinecke's contemporary, Walther Rathenau, of how to reconcile the spiritual and moral world, the *"Reich der Seele"* with the material, practical aims of ordinary political and economic life, the *"Reich der Zwecke."*

Both Meinecke and Rathenau were conservatives; and the tragedy of modern German history has been that there has never been a German conservative party to which men like them could belong. German conservatism in the 19th century had been particularist and separatist, both in Prussia and in the other States, and for a conservative like Bismarck to work for German unification seemed surprising, shocking, and contradictory to his Junker friends. After 1870 the old conservatives had been joined by the new-rich, the industrialists and financiers who wished to manipulate the State in their own interests, and, above all, to defend themselves against the rising threat of socialism. The union between the two groups was always precarious and negative, but together they contributed much to produce the malaise of the years before 1914, that lack of a sense of direction which, many Germans felt, was only overcome in August, 1914, "one of the great moments of my life," as Meinecke was to call it. Meinecke, like Rathenau (or, for that matter Goerdeler, the central figure in the 1944 plot against Hitler), was a conservative in that he felt a deep distrust of democracy and a desire for government by an enlightened ruling class. But this was exactly what did not exist in Germany under the Bismarckian constitution, and which did not have a chance to develop in the Weimar Republic. The brief attempt made by intellectuals like Meinecke to create in the Democratic Party a political instrument that could reconcile the world of Bismarck with the world of Goethe, failed because it lacked mass support; and with the rise of the Nazis, Meinecke was confronted by the triumph of just the sort of mass movement he had always feared.

How would Meinecke have analysed the present situation in Germany? Never before has the "primacy of foreign policy" been more apparent, while the solution of the problem of German unity seems even more remote than it did 100 years ago. On the other hand, it might perhaps be argued that one of Dr. Adenauer's great achievements, in addition to diplomacy of a Bismarckian skill which Meinecke would have admired, has been to create a conservative party loyal to the idea of democratic government and individual liberty.

MEINECKE'S account of the history of certain European ideas and the development of his own political attitudes remind the English reader of the distance between many British assumptions about the nature of the State and the conduct of international relations and those held by the Germans and many other Europeans. His greatness as a historian lay in his ability to analyse and explain such concepts. The real test of the historian of ideas lies not in the ability to expound other people's doctrines lucidly, but rather in showing how ideas that seem obscure, perverse, repugnant, or just false should have ever been taken seriously and have influenced political events. Meinecke was a great historian of ideas in exactly this way; indeed, a study of his own political views as well as of his historical work suggests that no one will be a good historian of ideas who is not passionately concerned with the ideological

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debates and problems of his own time and anxious to relate them to his historical studies, and his historical studies to them.

At a time when the liberal and constitutional first principles, taken for granted by so many English historians, are being widely challenged, perhaps English historians will be forced back to a consideration of the fundamental problems of political philosophy and their historical origins; and out of this perhaps we can hope to produce one day a historian of ideas worthy to be placed alongside Friedrich Meinecke.

James Joll

Obscenity, Censorship, and the Law

The Story of a Bill — By ROY JENKINS

ON July 29th the *Obscene Publications Bill* received the royal assent and became an Act. When the Clerk of the Parliaments announced *"la Reine le veult"*—improbable language cloaking an unlikely idea—a five-year-old struggle came to an end and the law of censorship in literature was allowed to advance beyond the points at which Lord Campbell, in his Act of 1857, and Chief Justice Cockburn, in his Hicklin judgment of 1868, had previously established it.

The extent of the advance should not be exaggerated. Most of those who promoted the Bill were highly sceptical of the value of any form of censorship and would have liked the question of what should be published and what should be read to be left to the judgment of the individuals concerned. They are far from getting everything they wanted. A long process of compromise has taken place, and the result is that improvements in the position of serious authors and reputable publishers are combined with provisions giving the police greater powers to deal with purveyors of what is often agreeably known as "pure pornography." It will in future be easier to get a search warrant for use against such traders, possible to execute it at any time within fourteen days, and to take away the documents as well as the articles of the trade. In addition the maximum penalties for publishing an "obscene libel" (which were previously unspecified) have now been made more precise but exceedingly severe. Trial on indictment can result in a three-year term of imprisonment plus a fine. On top of this we have the Lord Chancellor's threat to use the new Act for a drive against the showing of "blue" films in private houses—hardly the most outstanding social evil of our time, and one which it would be difficult to eradicate without a dangerous growth of police powers.

None of these provisions arouse my enthusiasm, and some were carried against my active opposition. But they are all in the Act. What is there to set on the other side? The gains, which I believe to be substantial, fall under six main heads.

First, it is made clear that a work has to be considered as a whole; there can be no question in future of a jury being encouraged to decide upon the basis of certain isolated titillating passages.

Second, regard has to be had to who is likely to read the book. The old phrase of "into whose hands it may fall," which allowed any court, if it was so minded, to judge the most esoteric work by its effect on the most unlikely and susceptible reader, has disappeared.

Thirdly, and most importantly, there is the new defence of "the public good." If it can be

THE *author of this article is, of course, the author of the Bill in question. It was a so-called "Private Members Bill," and it took five years to draft and amend, lobby and persuade. Mr. Jenkins is a Labour M.P. (for Birmingham), and is the author of several books, including* PURSUIT OF PROGRESS *and* MR. BALFOUR'S POODLE, *and recently a biography of* SIR CHARLES DILKE.

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shown that the work serves this purpose by virtue of being "in the interests of science, literature, art or learning, or of other objects of general concern," there can be no conviction and no order for destruction. This new defence might in any event have carried with it the right of the defendant (or for that matter the prosecutor) to call expert evidence upon the literary or other merit of the work, but, lest there should be any doubt on this point, the promoters were determined to write it into the Act. This has been done, even though it proved to be the most controversial and difficult point of all.

The remaining gains are significant but peripheral. There is a provision by which the author or publisher may appear in any destruction order case and try to protect his reputation and literary property. There is a limitation on proceedings so that no one may be prosecuted more than two years after the commission of an offence. And there is a provision that a court may order costs against a person bringing a frivolous prosecution.

On paper these gains are substantial. What they will amount to in practice must for the moment remain in part a matter of conjecture. How the courts interpret a statute is almost as important as what Parliament puts in it. But it is certainly to be hoped that they will recognise the liberalising intention of the legislature and that, at the least, a work such as *Lolita*, published freely in almost every other civilised country in the world, will now achieve the same immunity here.

AT THE moment, however, it is perhaps more rewarding to look back than to look forward. The five-year struggle to get this Act on the Statute Book has been illuminating both about the possibilities of private Members' legislation in the present-day Parliament and about current British attitudes to censorship. It was in the autumn of 1954—a true *annus mirabilis* for the Home Office: there were five prosecutions against reputable publishers, a new drive against homosexuals, a notable crop of hangings, and the Secretary of State's torch of liberty was handed on from Lord Kilmuir to Lord Tenby—that the Herbert Committee was set up and the agitation began. No one was unfriendly at this stage. Questions in the House of Commons about the wildly contradictory nature of the judgments given elicited sage nods of concern from the Government front bench. An adjournment debate in which attention was drawn to the new Committee produced from the same source an eager anticipatory welcome for its recommendations. Even the Home Secretary himself was most forthcoming. There seemed a real possibility that Government legislation, following the proposals of the Herbert Committee, would be introduced.

This was a peculiarly misplaced hope. What in fact the Government did, in the spring of 1955, was to introduce the *Harmful Publications* (more generally known as the Horror Comics) *Bill*, which took all the objectionable features of Cockburn's 1868 judgment and applied them in statute form to a new field. This field was a narrow one and, from any literary point of view, remote and unimportant. But it seemed highly undesirable that, at a time when general censorship reform was necessary, the Government's response should be to move sharply in the other direction. We therefore decided to introduce our own Bill under the Ten Minute Rule (which is a procedure by which private members can make the gesture of putting Bills before the House but cannot normally hope to make much progress with them) and to put down and debate a whole series of limiting (and possibly wrecking) amendments to the Government's Bill.

This course brought to an end the atmosphere of general but ineffective goodwill in which we had hitherto proceeded. Our Bill got a polite reception, but our amendments were much less popular. The Home Office, the Sunday School Union, the Law Officers, and Mr. Chuter Ede (the former Labour Home Secretary), all became markedly unfriendly. Nevertheless, we succeeded in wringing one or two concessions from the Government and in achieving a vote of 65 (including Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond) for the first draft of a "literary merit" defence clause. The fact that we had to argue it exclusively within the context of strip cartoons did not make the task any easier!

All this did nothing to improve the prospects of our own Bill. In the summer following the 1955 General Election we had desultory conversations with the Home Office and made a number of substantial alterations to suit their wishes. Then, in the autumn, Mr. Hugh Fraser, M.P., having won a rather low place in the private Members' ballot (twenty names are drawn; the first six, in which Mr. Fraser was not included, are sure of enough time to get their Bill voted upon), volunteered to sponsor

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our measure. When it came up, the Home Secretary (ignoring the concessions we had made in consultation with his officials and paying us back for our attitude to the Horror Comics Bill) took the unusual step of allowing his Under Secretary to "talk us out"—to embark on a speech which was sufficiently leisurely that, before he had finished, the House had automatically passed on to other business. For the time being, that was that.

THE informed press was unanimously on our side—few other causes can have united *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Spectator*, the *New Statesman*, and the *Economist*. A majority of the House of Commons was probably vaguely sympathetic and prepared to vote in our favour provided this did not involve too much trouble. The Home Office and a few M.P.s on both sides were determinedly hostile, but realised that much the best tactics were to prevent the Bill coming to a vote. So we dragged on, with a few more Home Office consultations and a few more press statements to keep up our spirits.

A year later, in the autumn of 1956, Lord Lambton, M.P., drew a place in the ballot and became our new sponsor. His place in the ballot was much better than Mr. Fraser's, and he was (and remained) determined, interested, and informed. The whole prospect looked much better, and was further improved, before Lord Lambton brought the Bill up for debate, by a change of régime at the Home Office. Mr. R. A. Butler became Secretary of State, and Mr. J. E. S. Simon, Under Secretary. There is room for argument about Mr. Butler's record as a reforming Minister, but what is hardly open to dispute is that he is a good deal more sensitive to literary opinion than was his predecessor. As for Mr. Simon, he had actually seconded the Bill, in a speech of great cogency, on one of its previous excursions. Without doubt, the two new Ministers were an enormous improvement on Major Lloyd-George and Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth. The change showed itself in the debate which Lord Lambton initiated in March 1957. The Government offered no opposition to the Bill at that stage and their suggestion that it should go next to a Select Committee rather than a Standing Committee, although it meant another session and a fresh start before the Bill could become law, gained respectability from the fact that the relevant Standing Committee was already blocked solid with other Bills which had got there first.

A Select Committee differs from a Standing Committee principally by virtue of its ability to brood at large upon a subject and to call evidence, whereas a Standing Committee can only deliberate amongst its members and can only consider the details of the Bill before it. A Select Committee is also smaller. Ours had only fourteen members. There was a substantial group of convinced reformers, a number of determined "censors"—with Sir Lancelot Joynson-Hicks (now Lord Brentford) sitting almost by hereditary right—and a few neutrals.

We cross-examined the Director of Public Prosecutions, the permanent head of the Home Office, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and numerous other officials. The impression they created was that all prosecutions and seizures of obscene matter "just happened." There was no question of particular policy decisions. The permanent head of the Home Office, indeed, insisted on the inherently unlikely thesis that the Metropolitan Police were totally uninfluenced in their decisions to concentrate on particular categories of offences by the views of the Home Secretary, their constitutional head. Despite this negativeness these cross-examinations yielded a number of interesting sidelights on the official attitude towards obscenity. The Director of Public Prosecutions gave *Ulysses* as his only example of a book which, although previously condemned, had now achieved immunity, and offered as his reason for not prosecuting the last edition the fact that he regarded it as "totally unreadable." A representative of the Metropolitan Police described how *Lolita* (in its Paris edition) was seized in a Soho bookshop a few years ago:

> The experienced officer who was offered this book, *Lolita*, glanced through it. He, for one, saw it was an Olympia Press book and secondly he saw it was in his view a sordid story of an oldish man taking advantage of his 12-year-old stepdaughter. That in itself would be sufficient to buy that book and submit it to our legal advisors to see whether a prosecution should be undertaken or not. . . .

The Police also gave evidence of a practice by which, when books and other matter alleged to be obscene were seized, the bookseller or other person involved was invited to sign (on a form provided by the Police) a "disclaimer" of ownership. This meant that the matter could then be destroyed without reference to the courts. In

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1956 there were seventy-seven disclaimers and only two destruction orders in the Metropolitan area.

In addition to these official witnesses, we saw a number of unofficial ones, including Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. E. M. Forster, who made a joint appearance. The evidence of both Mr. Eliot and Mr. Forster was overwhelmingly in a liberalising direction, but they were so anxious not to appear as literary pundits, laying down standards of judgment to the Committee, that they gave some ammunition to those who were against "expert evidence." Mr. Eliot, it was subsequently although unreasonably argued, believes the literary judgment of one man (perhaps a policeman or a magistrate) to be as good as another's (perhaps a literary critic). Alongside this verbal evidence we inspected "specimens," including the rather disappointing collection produced by the Police and the more dramatic ones assembled by the Public Morality Council.

We then had to prepare a report. It was obvious that any approach to agreement would involve the "reformers" accepting the additional powers for which the police had asked and to which reference has already been made. This we did. Some of the liberalising provisions involved more dispute, and the most vital one of all—relating to "expert evidence"—was carried, after a highly confused division, only by the casting vote of the chairman. A compromise report finally emerged, but one which was sufficiently satisfactory to both sides for no member to vote against its adoption.

It was then the spring of 1958. Lord Lambton's Bill was dead, and we had to start again on the floor of the House. At first we hoped that the Government, fortified by the report, might itself be prepared to legislate. But even under Mr. Butler the Home Office had not changed enough for this. We clearly had to depend upon another private Member, and we waited fairly confidently for the next annual ballot. It seemed reasonably certain that one man out of twenty would undertake a task which was now so ripe for fulfilling. But we were wrong. Not one of the twenty showed the slightest interest. Sir Alan Herbert had frequently compared our progress to a game of "snakes and ladders," and we were then clearly at the bottom of a very large snake.

All that we could do was to begin again with the forlorn chance of the Ten Minute Rule procedure. We got through the first stage of this and there was then a hope that, in view of the Select Committee's report, the House might give the Bill a second reading without debate and let us get down to the details in a Standing Committee. But only one member has to cry *"object"* to prevent this happening. On two occasions a handful of Conservative backbenchers fulfilled this blocking rôle; and we had the best reasons for believing that their intentions were neither unknown nor unwelcome to the Government Whips.

Sir Alan Herbert then retaliated by announcing his candidature in the East Harrow bye-election, and followed this up by issuing (and successfully selling) a great number of copies of his election address, which was appropriately entitled *"I Object!"* He firmly linked his decision to stand with the blocking of the *Obscene Publication Bill* (and he listed a number of other Bills which, if elected, he would like to promote). He also declared that, although standing as an independent, his general political allegiance was firmly Conservative. This was perhaps the most damaging part of the threat. Sir Alan insisted that his desire was to be elected himself, but most commentators thought that the effect of his intervention might be to give the seat to the Labour Party.

It is not possible to prove a causal relationship between this candidature and what happened subsequently. I can only record that, coincidentally with it, a remarkable change came over the situation. At the least it appeared to facilitate the concentration of Mr. Butler's mind upon this issue. Within a week we were offered a debate and with it the promise of an unopposed second reading. But there was still a major snag. The Government, it emerged, saw the second reading as a preliminary not to passing the Bill as it stood but to a complete re-writing of it in Committee, with all the police provisions left in and most of the liberalising provisions struck out. We slid down another snake. The compromise of the Select Committee was to be totally undermined.

Mr. Butler's flexibility as a negotiator then became of immense value. By hard discussion it proved possible to get back about 40 per cent of what we had lost. That was something, but it was by no means enough to make it certainly worth going on with the Bill. This was the mood in which we approached the Standing Committee, on which the party balance reflected that of the House and on which we therefore assumed that the Government would be able to

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vote us down whenever it wished. This proved quite false. We were saved by absent Conservatives. Those present (except for Lord Lambton who was unwavering) mostly voted with the Government, but there were hardly any of them. Even when helped, as they occasionally were, by one or two Labour Members, they were never enough to defeat the block of Labour Members (aided by Mr. Mark Bonham Carter) who voted solidly for the original provisions of the Bill. We used our unexpected majority very moderately, however, and only put back about another 40 per cent of the Select Committee recommendations, including the "expert evidence" provision.

We then had to go back once more to the floor of the House. There was now no question of our wishing to abandon the Bill, but a grave danger that the Government itself, or some of its back-bench supporters, might wish to kill it. Indeed, a liberal-minded Conservative Member told me at this stage that there was no chance at all of ultimate success, so determined were some of his colleagues to resist the Bill's further progress. And determined opposition from even a small band is always a major danger to private member's legislation because of the shortage of available parliamentary time. Blocking can be as effective as slaughtering.

The Government were now extremely anxious both to strike out the "expert evidence" provision and to reverse the decision of the Standing (and the Select) Committee in favour of the Director of Public Prosecution's consent being necessary to any criminal proceedings. Our problem was whether to give way to them and save time, or to resist and risk the Bill being once more talked out. Our best card was that, had the Bill been lost at that stage, the Government would undoubtedly have got a very bad press. We decided to depend upon this to the extent of holding firm on "expert evidence" and offering to give up the less important point about the Director of Public Prosecutions. At the last moment the Government accepted the bargain, we took the risk of defeating them once more at the Report Stage (on a point about the scope of the Bill), and we were finally through the Commons. It only remained for the Lords to do some damage—but not an intolerable amount—and the course was complete.

WHAT conclusions can be drawn? Private Members' legislation on a highly controversial subject is clearly still occasionally possible in the British Parliament. But it requires the following combination of circumstances. First, a certain amount of luck; second, a great deal of time and even more patience; third, some all-party support; fourth, a Minister who will be personally sympathetic at crucial times; fifth, some well-organised and determined allies both inside and outside the House of Commons; and sixth, an articulate and impressive body of extra-parliamentary support.

When all these circumstances coincide, it is possible to make some progress in a liberalising direction. It is not that the main body of Members is determinedly illiberal on censorship and other related questions. A few are certainly blackly obscurantist. Some are frightened of their constituents—in most cases needlessly, I would have thought, for not one of mine has ever complained to me about my activities in this field, and many whom I would not have expected to be sympathetic have congratulated me, occasionally with vagueness but always with warmth. Many more Members are indifferent and another large batch have contradictory views: they are in favour of "complete freedom" until someone produces an example of behaviour of which they disapprove; and then they are shocked. Libertarian reform requires that these shoals be steered through; and it is undoubtedly a long and wearisome job for a private member. A determinedly liberal Home Secretary could do it much more quickly and much more surely.

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Out of Africa

By Dan Jacobson

From many quarters to-day one hears the expression of a hope, an expectation, even a demand: out of emerging Africa a literature must come.

Why should it?

Because Africa is emerging, comes the irritated reply. Can't you *see* that Africa is emerging?

Indeed, one can. But what makes people think that they are entitled to ask so soon and so easily of Africa that it produce nothing less than a literature? Before making their demands, shouldn't they ask what Africa is emerging out of, and what it is emerging into, and *then* see how much they may reasonably hope for in the way of literature? And shouldn't they ask, anyway, what they mean by Africa?

The first time I heard people talk of "Africa" just like that was when I first visited England about ten years ago. On hearing that I was from South Africa people said to me, "Yes, I was in Africa during the war," and when I asked which part of Africa, often as not they replied, "Egypt." This took me aback; I wasn't from Egypt, and didn't feel that anyone knew what my "Africa" was like because he'd been to Egypt. "Africa" isn't a place or a country, but a huge and multifarious continent—so huge and multifarious that no generalisation that one makes about it can possibly be true. Not even the generalisation that it is "emerging."

Still, let us say that it (whatever "it" is) *is* emerging. Now what, from the point of view of the writer, is it emerging from? What is the past that the writer in Africa has to draw upon? And let us remember that a writer is as dependent on the past as he is on the future: he can write meaningfully only when there is a human past to which he can refer, just as he can write meaningfully only when he is convinced that there is going to be a future in which his work will in turn be part of the past. "It takes a great deal of history to produce a very little literature." This may be of small comfort to those who believe that every publisher's list every spring and autumn must contain its quota of "literature"; but it is true. And there is a sense in which one can say that Africa has had a very short history indeed; that its history begins with the invasion of the continent by the white man.

We must not be confused by the political term "Afro-Asian" into imagining that Africa and Asia are alike; they are not; or at least they are as much different as they are alike. Asia is emerging from a state of comparative technical backwardness, but India, China, Ceylon, Burma, and the rest are countries with high, ancient, and complex civilisations behind them and within them. Can we say the same about South Africa? About Rhodesia? About Tanganyika? About Sierra Leone and Gambia?

Obviously not. In the countries of Africa (south of the Sahara, at any rate) the penetration of the West has never been an interpenetration with the kind of civilisation that has existed for so many hundreds and even thousands of years in Asia. "Mankind remembers the history of peoples," writes Hannah Arendt (in *The Burden of Our Time*), "but has only a legendary knowledge of prehistoric tribes.... What made them (the African tribesmen) different from other human beings was not at all the colour of their skin but the fact that they behaved like a part of nature, that they had not created a human world, a human reality, and that therefore nature had remained, in all its majesty, the only overwhelming reality—compared to which they appeared to be phantoms, unreal and ghostlike."

Now I know it will be said that recent archæological researches have shown that in parts of West Africa, at least, if not elsewhere on the continent, there was a much greater "human reality" than the first white explorers and traders managed to see. But what-

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ever their use in refuting the arguments of those racialists who claim that Africans are incapable of producing a civilisation, these archæological researches seem in the present context much less significant than some people would try to make them out to be. The "human reality" of a civilisation is a reality only if there is some continuity to it, only if it is present in the consciousness of the people as force controlling, guiding, and inspiring them, in a way that they themselves are aware of. But in most of Africa, what civilisations there might have been had lapsed out of the consciousness of the race. It does not really matter whether the tribes (to quote Dr. Arendt again) "represent 'prehistoric man,' the accidentally surviving specimens of the first form of human life, or whether they are the 'post-historic' survivors of some unknown disaster which ended a civilisation.... They certainly appeared rather like the survivors of one great catastrophe which might have been followed by small disasters, *until catastrophic monotony seemed to be a natural condition of human life*" [my italics].

This, I suggest, is what the largest part of Africa is emerging out of; and I suggest too that it is a "past" (if one can call it that) which for obvious reasons is peculiarly, indeed heart-breakingly, difficult for the African writer to conduct into the present as a fertilising and invigorating influence. The difficulties can hardly be enumerated, they are so great, they involve so intensely so many areas of feeling and intellection; but they can be illustrated by mentioning the single fact that most Africans who want to write want to do so in English or French, rather than in their native languages. Could there be, for a writer, a more dramatic sign of a willed severance from the past than his adoption of a language other than the one spoken by his people in their own past? And in adopting this other language is he not immediately putting himself into an extremely awkward and problematical relationship with his people in their present?

As for the present, from the point of view of literary expectation—as for what Africa is emerging into, let me offer one last depressing quotation, this time from W. B. Yeats. "How small a fragment of our own nature can be brought to perfect expression, nor that even but with great toil, in a much divided civilisation."

Our civilisation is not merely divided, it is distraught. And imagine England, say, with nothing in it that wasn't knocked up hastily within the last fifty years or so, and at the same time poorer than it was before the Industrial Revolution; imagine it racked with nationalism and racial problems; imagine it largely illiterate *and* (this is the point) already equipped complete with the *Daily Mirror* and *Reveille*, with Hollywood films, cheesecake, and strip-cartoons; and ask yourself how much literature, under such circumstances, England could be expected to produce. And actually there is no need to imagine such catastrophes overwhelming England: it is not as though literature is exactly flourishing in this country to-day. It is thirty years since Lawrence died; twenty years since the death of Yeats; and how much has England to show of major work since then?

But it would be merely stupid to go on to say, "What a world to emerge into!" or "How much better off the Africans would be if they stayed out of it!" The Africans *are* emerging into this world; and they quite rightly want as much of the things this world offers as they can get. Everyone wants enough food, a house of brick rather than a house of mud, and a motor car too, if he can get one; and our civilisation can produce food and houses and motor cars, if it can do nothing else. But I think that one can say, without exaggeration or self-pity, that it isn't a civilisation propitious towards the growth and sustenance of a literature.

"So what am I trying to prove? That no good writing can come out of Africa?" Actually, what I have been anxious to do is to assert in a small way, and in an area which I feel is near to me, the autonomy of literature. I believe that to link too closely our literary expectations with our political or nationalist expectations is positively dangerous. It is dangerous to literature, directly and obviously, in the way of patronage, bullying, and censorship; and it is no less dangerous indirectly, because of its effect on the life out of which literature comes. Politics to-day is an omnivorous activity; it would gladly swallow literature whole; and in trying to prevent this we are holding out against the tendency of politics in our time to turn us all into its servants, to leave us no room for private manœuvre, private ambition, private love, private life. This is an ubiquitous tendency; it reached its fullest expression (so far) in the totalitarianisms of Hitler and Stalin; and we are all in one way or another given to helping it along, even where we least know that that is what we are doing. And the liberal expectation that a politically emerging Africa should promptly produce a literature to match, the liberal determination to find such a literature even if it does not exist, seems to me a part of this tendency. A small part, perhaps an unimportant part; certainly a well-intentioned part; but a deplorable one nevertheless.

I hope it is still possible to write in this way without being accused of being an "aesthete" or the inhabitant of an ivory tower. If one cares in

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—FABER & FABER—

any sane or useful way about writing, one certainly cares a great deal about politics, and the relation between the two. Given a fair chance, literature will meet and make use of politics and nationalism, and be of use to them, just as it will meet anything else human. Think of what participation in the Irish nationalist movement did for the poetry of Yeats. Think of what the sentiment of national consciousness has been in the literature of Russia, or that of the United States; or, for that matter, the literature of the Boers in South Africa. But the point is that politics nowadays "gives" nothing its fair chance; the chance has to be fought for, everywhere, all the time.

THROUGHOUT I have been talking as though the "African" writer is necessarily black; but of course he need not be. And to prevent misunderstanding, I must make it quite clear that what I have had to say about the black writer seems to me to apply, with equal or even greater force, to the white writer in Africa. The white, it is true, generally has the advantage of greater wealth, leisure and education, and the language problem is to him not so acute; these are advantages which those who have been forced to do without them are best able to prize. But essentially, the white writer's wealth and education and even his more simple possession of his language have not altered the problem for him. The white writer too is a member of a society which has no roots in the past, or no past at all; his present is altogether tawdry and vulgar and thin, and morally and culturally debased; he, too, does not and cannot write for an audience of his own people (there are simply not enough people to support him); he too is without distinctive ideas to energise his work, as the classic American novelists were energised—even by way of opposition—by the ideas involved in the very establishment of their country. And, like that of all whites on the continent, his future is without any certainty at all—without even the minimal certainty that consoles and nourishes the blacks in their struggle.

IT SEEMS quite possible to me that if a worthwhile and recognisable African literature should emerge, it might be of a kind that will surprise and disappoint some of those who are most eagerly looking forward to its appearance. For I see no way for the African writer, if he is truly serious, but to make his matter out of his handicaps, his disadvantages, his disabilities. There is a sense, of course, in which every writer does this; but when the disadvantages are of the kind that seem to confront the African writer, he will need a boldness and a toughness

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of a rather special kind, and a more than ordinary degree of self-reliance. He will have to claim his past where he can, and earn it by his work, so that nobody will be able to deny his right to it. He will have to construct for himself the society for which he writes. He will have to make ideas out of his very lack of large and easily available traditional ideas. Out of the loneliness and deracination that I foresee him suffering, I cannot believe that a writing of easy affirmation can come. His affirmation will be in the effort he has made; and if he tries hard enough then others will be encouraged to go on trying too. For in making his own past, and making it live again, in constructing for himself his own society, in taking no received idea for granted, he will be doing the work that any serious writer anywhere now has to do. We are all in the same boat, ultimately, though each of us has his own place and his own job in it.

Whether or not Africa will produce such writers we cannot say. When it does, it will have emerged—even if it treats them no better than America once treated Melville, or Russia now treats Pasternak.

The Teen-age Thing

Absolute Beginners. By Colin MacInnes. *MacGibbon and Kee.* 15s.

Absolute beginners has a good many faults. Its style hovers on the edge of that particular kind of facetiousness, so dangerous and so tempting to humorists, which descends from O. Henry and Damon Runyon; in feeling it sometimes comes close to the most banal sentimentality, and its characters are thin and brittle, like cartoons for a design which has never achieved depth and solidity. Yet having said this, one must go on to say that *Absolute Beginners* is the most interesting and amusing novel that has been published in this country for a long time, and indeed it would be easy to argue that the faults of Mr. MacInnes's novel are only the reverse side of its virtues. The facetiousness is largely the result of a verbal dexterity and ingenuity which, when they are under control, become wit; the sentimentality, in the context of the novel, produce the shock effect, contrived or otherwise, of sweetness and innocence, and if the characters tend to be types, at least they are very sharply observed, and for most of us they are types that have never been observed at all. Mr. MacInnes collects them like a scientist describing the fauna of a region which until now has never been very thoroughly investigated, and like a scientist, faced with so much new material, his first task has been to classify, distinguish, and denominate. His characters have names like Edward the Ted, Mr. Cool, Dean Swift, the Misery Kid, as if they were members of some strange species which Mr. MacInnes has been the first to identify; he is the Linnaeus of the teen-age world.

For Mr. MacInnes has a perfectly definite subject, which is what he himself would call "the teen-age thing," and the first sentence of his novel, which for some may have a slightly enigmatic quality, announces his theme: "It was with the advent of the Laurie London era that I realised the whole teen-age epic was tottering to its doom." Perhaps indeed it is a weakness of his novel that it has a subject to expound rather than a story to tell; the world his characters inhabit is not implicit in their actions and thoughts; it has to be explained and described to us. Its limits are the frontiers made by age between those who are under and those who are over twenty. On the one side of it are the cool cats for whom there is life, there is hope, there is pleasure, there is innocence, there is jazz; on the other side are the taxpayers (which is a category of age and temperament, and not of income) for whom there is only decay, corruption, death, and the telly. We are conducted through this world by Mr. Mac Innes's hero, who significantly enough has no name but has a Rolliflex, for he is a free-lance photographer with a special line in pornography. He is in love with a girl of seventeen called Suze (a diminutive of her nickname *Crêpe Suzette*) who has a promiscuous passion for Spades, that is, for coloured boys; and his friends and acquaintances under the statutory age of twenty include a moronic teddy boy, a commercial prodigy who becomes a pimp, a charming homosexual, a drug addict, and a juvenile delinquent with a genius for pop singing. In this company we wander through the cafés, espresso bars, and jazz clubs in which their public life is led; this teen-age Odyssey ends with a brilliant and horrifying description of last year's racial riots at Notting Hill Gate, which disabuse the hero of any hopes of happiness in the adult world into which he will very soon have to graduate.

Any summary of the bare facts and incidents of Mr. MacInnes's story would necessarily leave an impression of vice, degeneracy, and squalor, as if it were one of those depressing stories of juvenile delinquency which so frequently come to us from America. The originality of *Absolute Beginners* is in the extraordinary and perfectly convincing atmosphere of happiness and innocence which pervades it. One quality which Mr.

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has written in her latest novel **Command the Morning** about the most awesome achievement of our time—the splitting of the atom, and the manufacture of the atomic bomb.

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October 15 18*s*

MACMILLAN

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

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MacInnes's teen-agers have in common is that they are all economically self-supporting, in their own phrase, they've got the loot, and with economic independence they have achieved total emancipation from all the totems and taboos which their elders have tried to impose upon them. Through this emancipation they have realised a kind of happiness which finds its highest and most intense expression in their passion for jazz; Mr. MacInnes's descriptions of listening to the singing of Ella FitzGerald, Maria Bethlehem, or Lady Day are precisely parallel, and use almost identical terms, with those of Stendhal writing of the ecstasy of listening to Cimarosa, Rossini, and Mozart. The other common quality, if we are to believe Mr. MacInnes, which unites those who really dig the teen-age thing is that they have all escaped the petrifying and sterilising influence of the British educational system. Not for them the inhibitions and anxieties of eleven-plus and "O" level and "A" level and University entrance. His hero says wistfully somewhere that it must be nice to have a real education instead of what one can learn from the telly; but on the whole he and his friends are convinced that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are only to be won by getting away as far and as fast as possible from the organised idiocies thrust upon them by adults; among them they include snobbery, the class system, any form of colour bar, sexual inhibition, respect for age, and indeed almost any of the social values which now form part of the ideology of the British Co-prosperity Sphere. Indeed, one of the most surprising, and refreshing, conclusions which seem to emerge from Mr. MacInnes's novel, especially if his hero is to be taken as any kind of a model, is that one only has to scratch a teen-ager and find something which is very near to the most old-fashioned kind of British working-class socialist. The only qualification to be made is that the teen-age thing dispenses with sexual puritanism; only teen-age sex would appear to be precisely such as one might imagine cool cats might enjoy, and to be completely free of that combination of turgid emotion and guilt by which it is so often accompanied in their elders. Of course, Mr. Mac Innes would not claim that all teen-agers are like this; his characters are simply the most advanced cadres of an age group which enjoys the benefits of a social revolution they have done nothing to bring about.

It is yet another characteristic of the teen-age thing, and in some ways perhaps the most important, that its adherents seem to have evolved a language which in every word and phrase expresses their uncompromising hostility to the adult world. Mr. MacInnes's novel will certainly become an indispensable source book for future lexicographers, but, what is more important, its language represents a genuine effort, on his or his characters' part, to overcome the kind of deadness which threatens the English language to-day; Mr. MacInnes uses teen-age slang as if it were a kind of *lingua franca* which dissolves all those infinitely tedious and enervating social distinctions which are objectivised in English speech, and it is one of the many merits of his novel that the inhabitants of his juvenile world of pimps, pornographers, drug-fiends, jazz addicts, and teddy boys really can meet each other without discrimination of race, class, or accent; there are very few English novelists capable of creating such a world to-day.

One would like to recommend this book above all to those politicians of all parties, who, with the sudden interest induced by a general election, have been adumbrating their future plans for the youth of this country. Few of them, I feel sure, have even heard the names of those who are the household gods of Mr. MacInnes's characters, and there appears to be no relation whatever between the kind of audience they have in mind and the teen-agers whom Mr. MacInnes has so brilliantly described. But perhaps this is because politicians are occupationally disinterested in anyone under twenty-one. As for me, as an oldie and a taxpayer I dig this book, and I hope everyone else will too.

Goronwy Rees

Harlot to Helpmeet

The Press in Authoritarian Countries. *International Press Institute. Agents: Bailey Bros. and Swinfen.* 18s.

LIKE the prostitutes to whom Mr. Aneurin Bevan has compared them, the newspapers of Britain live by satisfying their customers. But there is nothing irremediable about this state of affairs. Elsewhere in the world, the Press has been turned into an honest woman, cleaving to one lover only, responsive to his every mood and whim, as willing as Barkis and as loyal as Milton's Eve. This evolution from harlot to helpmeet is scrutinised in *The Press in Authoritarian Countries*, a 200-page survey recently issued by the International Press Institute. It is a Wolfenden Report in reverse. It describes in detail the methods whereby white slavery among journalists has been stamped out.

These methods vary. In Communist countries,

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CHAPMAN & HALL

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the Press becomes an organ of the State, ruled and run by the Party machine like any other part of the bureaucracy; "a political institution which assumes the form of a newspaper for reasons of convenience" (to quote Herr Rudolf Herrnstadt, ex-editor of East Germany's *Neues Deutschland*). Its editorial staffs are selected and supervised as carefully as a sultan's cooks. "We cannot put the Press in unreliable hands," said Mr. Khrushchev in 1957. "It must be in the hands of the most faithful, most trustworthy, most politically steadfast people devoted to our cause." It is guided like a missile. "News should not be merely concerned with reporting such and such a fact or event," said Mr. Palgunov, the Director of Tass, to journalism students at Moscow University in 1956. "News is agitation via facts. News must be didactic and instructive."

Where authority is non-Communist, it works somewhat differently. It is not usually the absolute master of the Press, but it exercises control through censorship, directives, and threats. The survey examines these techniques as they are applied in Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and Latin America. The results are sometimes odd. A Cairo daily came out with twenty-five pictures of Nasser in one edition. The Nicaragua *Prensa Libre* filled all the gaps left by censors' cuts with portraits of Ava Gardner. Franco's censors allowed the Spanish evening papers to carry an illustration of a trapeze girl in tights, but they ordered the morning papers to paint a skirt on her (because the mornings have more family readers than the evenings).

Yet into all these Edens, Communist or non-Communist, the same serpent creeps; and the most significant feature of the survey is the recurring account of how the reptile insists on rearing its ugly head. Its name is boredom. When every newspaper says the same things in the same words, the same headlines, the same type, when independent reporting and the fact that there are two sexes are banished in order to make room for the rulers' speeches and their departmental hand-outs—then the ungrateful public stops reading any of them. Their dullness makes them useless. In Madrid, all the papers put together sell fewer copies than one pre-war paper, although the population has doubled. The survey gives examples of dullness and its consequences that vindicate Marx's theory about the effects of "increasing misery." Every Soviet paper, for instance, was ordered to print the names of all the people and organisations sending 70th birthday greetings to Stalin; and the list ran as a day-by-day serial in the Moscow *Pravda* for twenty-two months.

The hiss of boredom forces every authoritarian régime to ponder the riddle "How can we make our papers readable without letting them get out of hand?" Boredom is the reason, says the survey, for the signs of liberalisation that the IPI researchers have detected in the post-Stalin Communist Press. The signs are flickering and uncertain. Thaw has been followed by frost in East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, China. But in China, during 1956–57, the thaw began to turn into a heatwave. The principal Party organ printed letters about its inaccuracies. One such letter mocked its account of a co-operative farm where "a happy cow lies suckling its calf"; the writer said that, in twenty years' experience of cows, he had never seen one perform this feat lying down. Another editor made Communist history; he printed a direct attack on the heads of the State, naming Mao and Chou En-lai. This was boiling point. The editor was sacked (after publicly confessing that he had sent out reporters "to foment disorders"). A Press purge began; and the freeze returned.

Summing up the post-Stalin period in the Soviet Union, the survey finds that the result of liberalisation

> has not been to diminish control over the Press, but to make newspapers more readable, thus turning them into more effective instruments of mass persuasion in the service of the régime.

There is an official book of instructions for journalists, which runs to 675 pages. There is a black list of barred topics—among them strikes, concentration camps, assassination attempts, flights abroad by Soviet citizens, any mention of internal opposition. Newspapers are forbidden to refer to the Press controls. (But one symptom seems to be ineradicable. The misprint survives. The word "capitalism" gets into type instead of "socialism.") The IPI verdict is "the primary concern of the Soviet Press remains that of propaganda and agitation. Objectivity is therefore no valid criterion."

In Moscow recently, as one of the British newspapermen who accompanied Macmillan, I applied to the Soviet Foreign Office for facilities to interview Madame Litvinoff and Mr. Maisky, the former London Ambassador. The official who dealt with my application said, "I don't understand. Why do you want to see them?"

I said that both were well known in London. Mr. Maisky was still listed as a life member of the Savage Club there. British newspaper readers would be interested in them.

The official shook his head. "I am unable to believe that," he said, "and I cannot help you. By our standards, they are not news."

Charles Curran

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Annigoni

Pietro Annigoni. By CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL. 2nd Edition revised. *Batsford*. 30s.

IT IS now ten years since the first impact of Annigoni on the English public. The public was dazzled; to the minute, accurate-seeming detailing of the photographic school he brought Italian graces; words like *morbidezza* and *sfumato* bumbled like moths through the private views. In fact he is a very skilful and painstaking workman; the often-heard accusation that he cannot draw needs qualification. He draws details splendidly; his difficulty is to co-ordinate them. While working avowedly in the great tradition of the Renaissance, his grasp of the convention of perspective in that tradition seems unsure, so that, for example, the relationship of one eye to the other can be most equivocal, and when his sitters are turned three-quarters from the spectator, they can seem to fall almost sheer from the throat.

Other of his qualities are less demonstrable, and may indeed be mere matters of opinion. So some critics find him vulgar, and shy off with perhaps an aphorism of Derain's on their lips: *le maquillage de la banalité est confondu bien souvent avec l'originalité*. Some are offended by the worried texture of his paint, or by his mannerisms—his delight in re-using the formulæ of the Old Masters, from the 15th-century Italians to Dali, his stomping use of symbols. Others, perhaps the majority, are unable to grasp what the fuss is about: they find that everything (portraits, subject pictures, still-lives, landscapes) reminds them of something someone else has painted better. He has therefore nothing to say to them that they did not know already; why then should they bother about him?

But, on the other hand, there remains the fascinated attention upon Annigoni of the general public, assiduously sustained by the Press, which knows a personality when it sees one. This, in so far as it is evoked by the subject pictures, is no more than the indulging of that same appetite that thronged the curious about the "problem-pictures" of pre-war Academies: a sufficiently well-represented illusion, life-size, of people doing something inexplicable. After all, if you saw a man with sideboards pointing sternly to a stuffed, headless dummy, while accusing a young man and a young woman (the latter naked): "Say you this is Man?"—you would probably stop to look too. But the voiced public approval of Annigoni is of course above all in response to his portrait of the Queen; this is the painting that has made him famous. It is easily available in reproduction; indeed it must be the most frequently reproduced picture of our time, and Annigoni is lucky in that he reproduces favourably. It is surely his masterpiece, and, in terms of fulfilling a specific demand, the most successful state-portrait since the Winterhalters of the young Queen Victoria. Technically you can, if you wish, fault it; there is trouble again with the eyes, with the hand, with the drawing of the arm under the cloak. But basically it is a dignified and simple composition, pyramidal in the midnight-blue of the Garter mantle; the Queen is immediately and agreeably recognisable to the vast majority of her subjects, both as a person and as Queen. As a popular image, it works literally like a charm. And this is a remarkable achievement. Ceremonial robes and insignia are now so divorced from the normal context of life that for the last hundred years portrait-painters have struggled vainly with them; in the end, their royal sitters have always seemed poised uneasily on the point of departure for a fancy-dress ball. Here, in the slight figure, with the official robe almost casually thrown over the shoulders, there is a fusion of person and office. Some element of make-believe is still there, but it is in key (for all the traditional overtones, madonna-like, of the pose) with the contemporary make-believe of the films. Since Grace Kelly, we have learned that a film-star really can become a princess; Annigoni was the first to put across the glamour, the full star-quality of real royalty. There is here a very real service to the British Crown and Commonwealth. Whether there is any service to art is another matter.

Mr. Cammell, in his eloquent, censing, introduction, says there is. History, according to him, "will record that Italy, the motherland of the first Rebirth of the arts, was also the cradle of the second." This second revised edition of his book is enlarged to include the royal portraits. The sizes of the originals are not given.

David Piper

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LETTERS

D. H. Lawrence

If I apply the arguments to Mr. Philip Toynbee that he applies to D. H. Lawrence (Encounter, July), I would ask why, as a socialist, Mr. Toynbee does not give all he has to the poor and why, as an opponent of the H-bomb, he still pays income tax some of which will be devoted to building bombs. Besides, Lawrence's teaching was religious and involved a change of values; it was not a system of physical jerks which disciples could immediately perform. You have only to look at our modern world to see the evils resulting from Old Testament puritanism allied to sterile intellectualism, to the sanctions of money-making, to science sterile because it is divorced from human needs. "Sex in the head" produces the inflammations and the frustrations of the cinema and the juke-box, the puritanism which banishes sex to the back street (*vide* Mr. Wayland Young).

Of course, Lawrence was a prophet. If a writer is not a prophet he is nothing. That is why we have so few good writers. If T. S. Eliot is not a prophet will Mr. Toynbee tell us what he has been writing about all these years? Every writer expresses a view of life. The trouble is that the view of life is for the most part so trivial that we get plays like *The Grass is Greener* in the West End or the view of life is self-consciously adopted or insufficiently integrated in the personal vision (see the Tynan-Transport House socialism of the Royal Court writers). But even if the view of life is inadequate or false it may, as Mr. Toynbee himself shows by citing Shakespeare and Claudel and Yeats, by indirections find directions out just as the atheist affirms the existence of God, and the devil's advocate proves what he denies. The trouble with Shakespeare was precisely that he did not attempt to be a prophet and instead subordinated his great human understanding and charity to the conventional dramatic themes, so that Shylock comes to full life only because he breaks the stereotype. Claudel and Yeats certainly wrote their best poetry because they were prophets even if they were inadequate prophets touching the truth only tangentially.

But Lawrence, like Eliot, like Shaw, was passionately and deeply thought, felt, and expressed. Lawrence's attack on "sex in the head" is Eliot's attack on the "disassociating of sensibility," is Shaw's attack on "morality." Their recognition is part of the general recognition of the isolation of the individual in the modern world shared by Nietzsche, Ibsen, Strindberg. Surely Philip Toynbee as a critic knows that Lawrence is but one of many who have written of the evils resulting from the repression and denial of the intuitive and instinctual nature of the individual man?

Henry Adler

London

[Philip Toynbee writes: *Mr. Alder's first point is a just riposte. But socialists can at least recommend certain practical steps by which they believe that society might be improved. What does a Lawrencian* do, *beyond condemning present society for such obscure enormities as "sex in the head"? As for prophecy, it is a matter of degree. Eliot at his best has been a poet with an attitude to life: Lawrence was a prophet who preferred the vehicle of fiction to the soap-box. My own view is that the "intuitive and instinctual nature of the individual man" plays all too large a part in the modern world. Hitler acted by instinct and intuition: which does* not *mean that I think Lawrence was a fascist.*]

Zen

In the January Encounter you published a long article by me on Zen Buddhism. For reasons I tried to make clear, the Zen experience and vision of life is one of the most difficult subjects in the world to "put across" in intelligible language, and the article cost me months of hard work. Moreover, whether one agrees or not with my presentation of the subject—and I tried to present it as objectively and dispassionately as I could—at least the factual accuracy of the material cannot be disputed since it was gathered during my five months' stay in a Zen Buddhist monastery in Japan.

I feel therefore distressed that you should have published in the "Notes and Topics" of your July issue an account of Zen (a) in which the author, Mr. Peter Hyun, never states his credentials for holding forth on this complex subject, (b) which is clearly the product of muddled, slipshod thinking and which is superficial and misleading (misleading because he constantly confuses Japanese Zen with so-called "American Beat Zen"), and (c) which contains numerous inaccuracies of fact.

1. "When it (Zen) was introduced to China and Korea in the 5th century A.D. the cult flourished for a few centuries and still exists to a very limited extent in Japan."

The "cult" (somewhat of a misnomer, since it is a branch of one of the great world religions, Buddhism) was introduced into China not in the 5th but in the 6th century A.D. (*circa* A.D. 520).

Secondly, what is "a very limited extent"? According to the current edition of the Japanese *Official Guide*, the Rinzai sect of Zen has 5,880 temples; the Soto, 14,466; and the Obaku, 493. The adherents of Zen, divided between these three sects, are given as slightly under one-fifth of the total number of Buddhists in Japan—that is to say, there are between three and a half and four million Japanese Zen Buddhists. Is this "very limited"?

2. "It was for such fanatic manifestations of Zen that the Chinese and Koreans soon abandoned Zen Buddhism. . . ." I suppose Mr. Hyun means: "It was *because* of such fanatic manifestations," etc. In any case the statement is inaccurate because there are Zen monasteries in Korea today.

3. "Zen Buddhism can be compared to a strict Roman Catholic order of the Middle Ages."

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There is no comparison. Zen is not a strict or enclosed order; as I pointed out in my article, such practices as self-mortification, vows of silence, etc., are absolutely foreign to it. Moreover, monks do not normally remain in their monasteries more than a few years, the monastic year is divided into terms, and there is a long summer vacation, which monks spend in their home towns or villages. If you want a comparison, then a University is perhaps the best one.

Mr. Hyun says elsewhere: "The Zen Buddhist outside the monastic wall is a contradiction in terms." No, exactly the reverse, if anything; in contrast to the Theravada or Southern School of Buddhism, Zen Buddhism is a training and a discipline for living in the world.

4. "While Zen (which signifies serenity or quietism) requires constant awareness of a thing or a person through discipline and concentration and monks drink tea to sharpen their faculties so that they may be susceptible to enlightenment. . . ."

Zen doesn't signify serenity or quietism, either literally or otherwise. (Is Mr. Hyun confusing it with Chinese Taoism?) The word is a corruption of the Indian Dhyana which led to the Chinese Ch'an and thence to the Indian samadhi. Zen doesn't require awareness of a person or a thing—they are not the subjects of Zen meditation; and monks don't drink tea to sharpen their faculties.

5. "The sole function of Zen is to indicate the way and leave the rest to one's own inner experience." I am not sure what this exactly means, but it seems to imply a complete ignorance of what does go on in a Zen monastery—meditation sessions, interviews with the Zen Master, recital of the sutras, lectures, and so on, all of which I described in my article.

Whatever Mr. Hyun thinks of Zen, I can at least put him straight as to his facts and what in reality happens in a Zen monastery, if he will get in touch with me; and I can also perhaps introduce him to certain creative aspects of Zen of which he appears to have no knowledge, viz., its influence on the arts and its relationship to artistic vision and the processes of artistic inspiration.

RICHARD RUMBOLD

London

WHEN I wrote my little note I had in mind Mr. D. T. Suzuki, that clever modifier of Zen for Western consumption, and his victims in the West, but not Mr. Rumbold nor his article. Secondly, since Mr. Rumbold seems to be obsessed with my "credentials," I should like to say, with humility, that I spent twelve years with a number of Japanese Zen teachers, and that I studied nearly all Zen writings in the original. In short, I am quite familiar with the subject.

As for the precise date of introduction of Zen to China and Korea, it is a highly controversial subject among Orientalists. Certainly Mr. Rumbold, after a few months is not in a position to state its "accurate" origin! I do not question the "accuracy" (Mr. Rumbold's pet word) of the Japanese *Official Guide*, nor do I accept it. As a matter of fact, many of my Japanese colleagues are sceptical of the generous figures given in the guide.

True, Zen was encouraged, and often forcibly, by the Japanese authorities during their occupation of Korea (1910–45), but what little there existed disappeared with their withdrawal from the country.

It is absurd to compare a Zen monastery to a University. At least in a University one can think rationally, whereas in a Zen monastry thinking is forbidden and one has to *know* intuitively. What Mr. Rumbold calls "living" Zen Buddhists (?) can be found only among the ignorant, superstitious peasantry in Japan, and they hardly know the meaning of Zen. Even Mr. Suzuki, a laughing-stock of the Japanese intelligentsia, is not a practising Zen Buddhist. I wonder why? And when I speak of a Zen Buddhist I mean a genuine one in a monastery, not a self-styled devotee, sleep-walking in the world. For the latter usually gives up Zen entirely or cracks up eventually. The case of the Zen temple of Kinkakuji (The Temple of the Golden Pavilion) is a good example: In Kyoto nine years ago a young Zen acolyte burned down the 500-year-old temple, and all of Japan was shocked.

In Japan *Zen* has always been written in Chinese, and it signifies serenity or quietism, and nothing else. Whether Mr. Rumbold likes it or not, monks do drink tea to sharpen their faculties. Coffee, that vulgar Western drink, is not popular among Japanese Buddhists.

Mr. Rumbold kindly suggests that he "can perhaps" introduce me to "certain creative aspects of Zen." Alas, I have neither the time nor the patience, for I happen to be writing a scholarly tract on the impact of Zen on early Far Eastern art.

PETER HYUN

Paris

Kazantzakis

I CAN only admire the sheer pertinacity with which Professor W. F. Stanford has tracked down the Ulysses theme. Doggedly, like Javert on the spoor of Jean Valjean, he has followed after the man of many wiles, often through curious and unfrequented terrain. But when the trail takes him from Homer to Kazantzakis, as in his recent piece in ENCOUNTER ("No Rest for Ulysses," July 1959), one wonders whether he has not pushed too hard the doctrine of "hot pursuit" and is now a trespasser on alien soil. What he writes about the *Odyssey* of Kazantzakis and its reception in Greece just misses being nonsense. Kazantzakis is a prophet with considerable honour in his own country. It is simply not true that his books have met with "resentful hostility" in Greece, and dispraise of him, where dispraise does occur, is quite possibly for other reasons than those adduced by Professor Stanford. Many highly literate Greek readers are not shocked by the *Odyssey*: they merely find it turgid and unreadable. In his authoritative *History of Modern Greek Literature* (2nd Edn., Athens, 1956) Mr. Constantine Dimaras, by no means an academic critic, mentions Kazantzakis' "long philosophical poem" without further comment and appraises Kazantzakis' works with noticeable coolness: "they are not," he writes, "carried through on the level

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of achievements but on the much more intellectualised level of theoretical contrivances and aspirations; . . . they offer theoretical formulations and solutions of problems rather than expressions of a need for artistic renewal of forms."

When Professor Stanford claims that the language of the *Odyssey* was "demotic in defiance of the official 'purified,' neo-classical Greek" (i.e. *katharevousa*), he is in the right pew but the wrong church. Of course it is demotic, like very nearly all of modern Greek poetry since Palamas and the New Poetic School of Athens (1880). By 1938, had Kazantzakis chosen to write his outsize epic in *katharevousa*, he would have done so in the teeth of an established norm which only the genius of Kalvos or Kavafis could safely disregard. In that very same year the late Professor Manolis Triandafyllidis commented as follows in his *Modern Greek Grammar, Historical Introduction* (Athens, 1938): "After a few vain attempts all poetry began to be written exclusively in a demotic ennobled by the work of Solomos."

The real catch lies elsewhere. Not that it was demotic but rather that it was incomprehensible demotic. As Professor Stanford airily remarks, Kazantzakis made use of "some two thousand words which most Greek literary critics had never seen or heard before." Needless to say, neither had his readers. If the language of his novels is difficult enough, his epic style was opaque. Even to the initiate it was Greek indeed—or rather, as the Greeks themselves say, it was Chinese. A critic most sympathetic to Kazantzakis, Professor I. M. Panagiotopoulos, writing enthusiastically about the *Odyssey* in his *Persons and Texts* (Athens, 1943), admitted that the reader "at every verse trips over irregular and unexpected stones" and described his own feeling of having entered "a linguistic jungle." Kazantzakis himself thoughtfully appended a substantial lexicon to his *Odyssey* to explain the few words which he coined (like *astropotamos* "star-river" for "galaxy," "Milky Way") and the very many which he borrowed from the most diverse native and foreign sources to replace common demotic usage (like *falkos* "falcon" for the usual *geraki*).

There is then no fell conspiracy aimed at belittling Kazantzakis' genius, only a natural hesitation to find that genius unqualifiedly in every line. He nods at least as often as his great exemplar. Mr. C. A. Trypanis, a fellow-Greek and a fellow-poet, in the preface to his anthology, *Medieval and Modern Greek Poetry* (Oxford, 1951), makes some strictures on Kazantzakis' meter and diction. Although he does refer to the *Odyssey* as a "formidable *μέγα βιβλίον*," he implies, and many sensible readers, not necessarily utter philistines, will agree, that like all *μεγάλα βιβλία*, this one too is inevitably something of a *μέγα κακόν*.

GORDON M. MESSING

Athens

[W. B. STANFORD writes: *In his first paragraph Mr. Messing implies—with what right, I do not know—that he can speak for all Greek literary opinion, and denies the existence of any resentful hostility against Kazantzakis'* ODYSSEY *in Greece. I must repeat what I said in my review, that I encountered this attitude clearly and unequivocally among scholars in Athens when I was studying K.'s work there in 1954; and I have met it again since then.*

In his second paragraph Mr. Messing fails to understand that an "Odyssey" in demotic could shock "the academic critic" more than poems on less hallowed themes.

I agree with his "needless to say" in paragraph three. That is why I did not mention the truism in my review. The rest of the paragraph is common knowledge.

Paragraph four is entirely a matter of opinion. I agree with Professor Trypanis' view, and I said nothing in my review to suggest that I did not.]

Visual Effects

IN Dwight Macdonald's "Letter from Hollywood," footnote on page 54 [ENCOUNTER, July], Slavko Vorkapic is not a Russian, nor Soviet technician. He is a Serb, who studied Art in Paris and after the First World War went to Hollywood. He was chief of MGM's Department for Visual Effects and then professor of the School of Motion Picture. Actually in Yugoslavia he is professor of the Motion Picture High School. Personally a Communist.

I am on the opposite side, but that is the truth.

D. R. ATCHIMOVITCH

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AUTHORS

Nancy Mitford's article on *The British Aristocracy* was first published in ENCOUNTER (Sept., 1955), has been translated into many languages (*U and non-U* became *ü und nicht-ü* in German and something undecipherable in tongues with vowel deficiencies), and was re-issued, some time ago, as a Penguin under the title *Noblesse Oblige*. . . . **John G. Weightman** teaches at London University and has recently contributed pieces on François Mauriac and Simone de Beauvoir (ENCOUNTER, January and August). . . . **Laurie Lee** has published *A Rose for Winter* and *The Sun My Monument* (Hogarth Press). An autobiographical sketch, *Grannies in the Wainscot*, appeared in our June number, and his two pieces of reportage—from Warsaw (February, 1958) and from Cannes (July, 1957)—are still remembered fondly . . . . **George Mikes** is now travelling in the U.S., and will visit New York and California for us ("Our Man in Wall Street," "Our Man in Hollywood"). . . . **Pierre Schneider** is a young writer living in Paris. His first book, *Quatres Saisons*, was widely praised by French literary critics, and a collection of his Parisian sketches will soon be published here by Secker & Warburg. . . . **Friedrich Sieburg** is one of Germany's leading journalists and critics. He writes regularly for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* (where his *Leitartikel* appear on the front page), and is the author of a dozen books, the most recent of which (*Lust am Untergang*) was a furiously self-critical study of post-war Germany. . . .

Luigi Barzini has a "jr." after his name in Italy, for his father was the celebrated editor of the *Corriere Della Sera*. His own articles appear frequently in the same paper, alternating the *terza pagina* feature with Alberto Moravia and Indro Montanelli. A book of his on the U.S.A. appeared a few years ago under the title *Americans Are Alone in the World*. ENCOUNTER has published his study of *The Italian Aristocracy* in June, 1956, and also an article on Formosa (Sept. '55). We will shortly print his "Roman memoir" of Curzio Malaparte.

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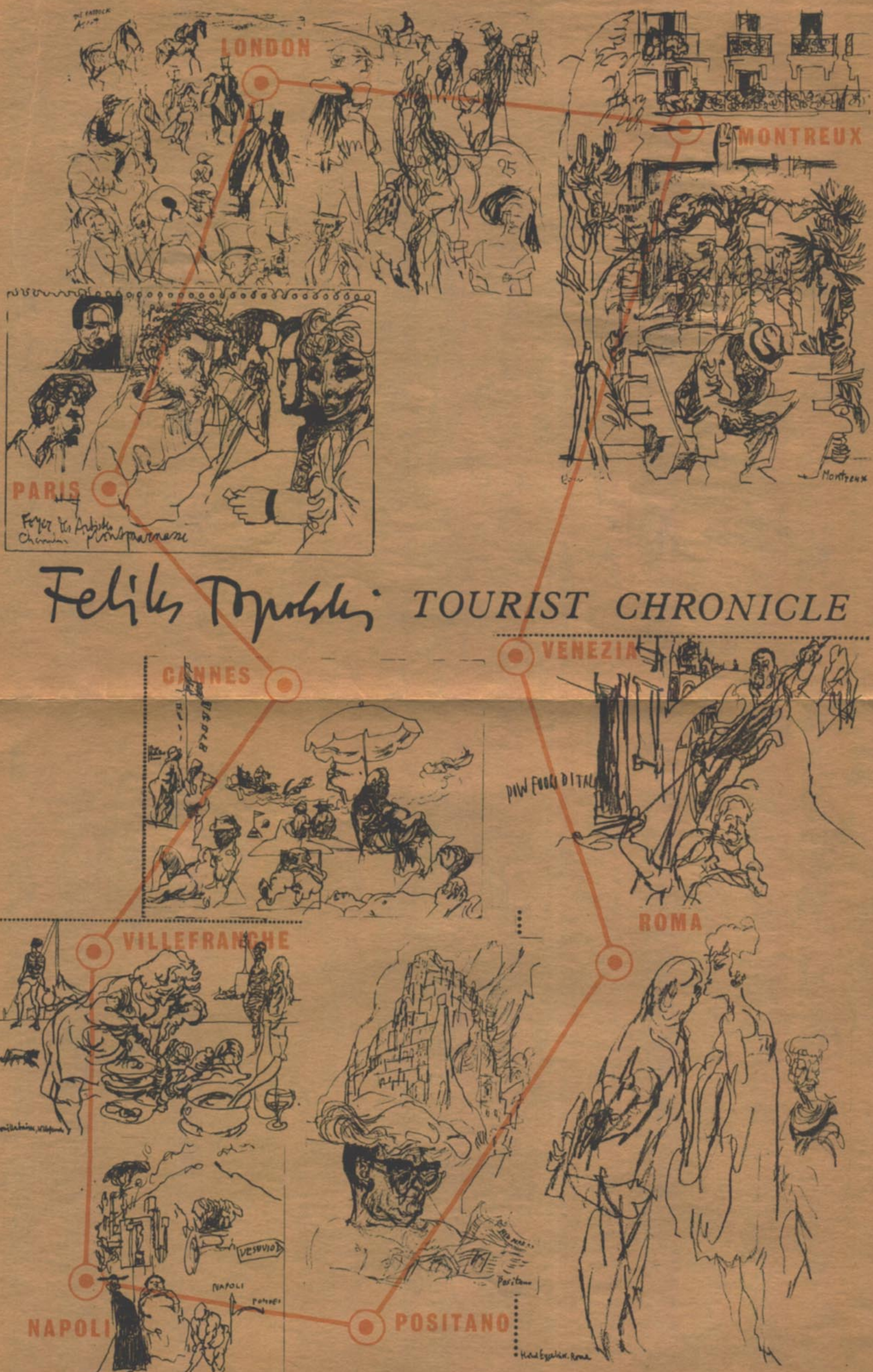

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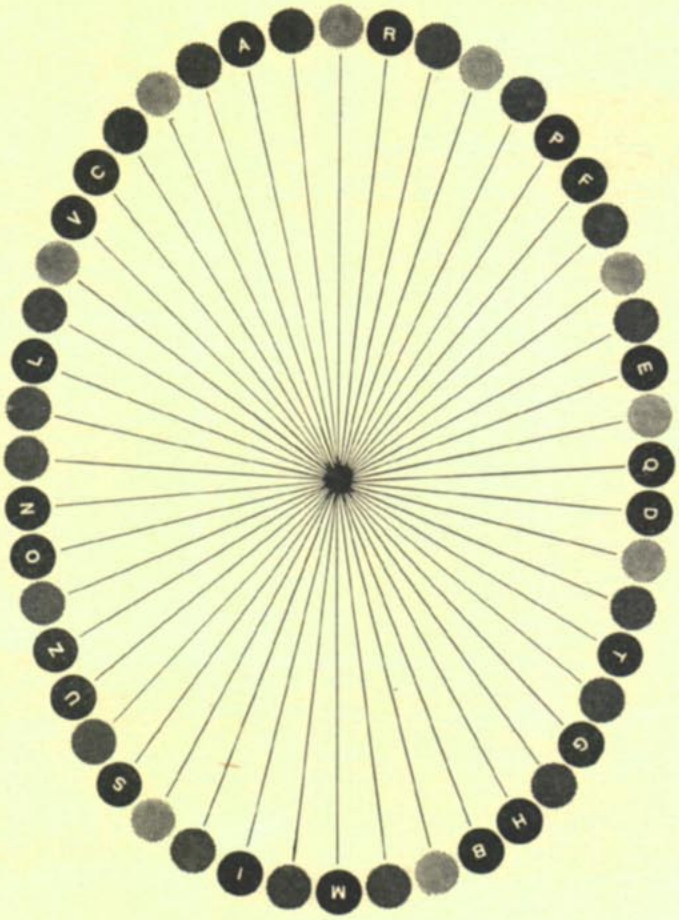

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